

WEEKLY

NOVEMBER 1, 1954

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED

25 CENTS

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B.F. Goodrich



111,000 miles before recapping!

D. H. Stoddard, Equipment Superintendent for Fort Smith's Arkansas Motor Freight Lines, Inc., (left, above, with Pres. R. A. Young, Jr.) says their truck tires often were ready for recapping after only 19,000 miles. That was before this 500-unit general hauler tried B. F. Goodrich Traction Express tires.

"We continuously test various types of tires," Stoddard reports, "but the tests we ran on Traction Express tires were so far above all others that we have

standardized on them. Our first set was recapped after 111,000 original miles!"

All-Nylon cord body

The Traction Express is built with an all-nylon cord body that withstands double the impact of ordinary cord materials. It outwears even the extra-thick Traction Express tread—up to 46% thicker than that of a regular tire—and can still be recapped over and over!

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A. JOSEPH & CO., Jackson, Miss., finds Traction Express tires the "best on the market today."



HOGUE FREIGHT LINES, Dearborn, Mich., reports Traction Express tires boost drive-wheel mileage 110-115%.

Specify B. F. Goodrich tires when ordering new trucks





JIMMY JEMAL

JIMMY JEMAL'S

HOTBOX

The Question: **Would you want your son to be a big-time football player?**

The Answers:



CLIFF DREW
HARRISBURG, PA.
CHICKEN FARMER

"Heck, no! After all those cheers and all those girls, how could I ever get him back on my chicken farm? That would be easier

if he were a scholar. He would be resigned and philosophical. But a football star would most likely be dreaming about the chickens back on the campus."



MARION E. JACKSON
SPORTS EDITOR
ATLANTA *Daily World*

"Yes. Football develops character, understanding and sportsmanship. I played the game. The coach in father, mother, teacher

and minister to his squad. And look what football has done for so many colored players—Fritz Pollard of Brown, Duke Slater of Iowa, J. C. Caroline of Illinois."



JULIE ROMANO
PLATTEKILL, N.Y.
ENTERTAINER

"No. With that athletic ability I'd rather he be a Jack Dempsey, a Gene Tunney, a Rocky Marciano. The risk of permanent injury in

the ring isn't as great. And he'd be fairly rewarded. A college football star draws thousands to a game. What does he get in return? A paltry scholarship, if that."



ROGER BLAIK
BLOOMINGTON, IND.
LUMBER

"No, although I love the game. But being sure about football doesn't make sense. It often gives boys the wrong sense of values

if they get to be real big-time. They're idolized everywhere. There's too great a letdown after college days if the same adulation doesn't continue."



EMMETT O'DONNELL
Jr.
LT. GEN. USAF
WASHINGTON, D.C.

"Yes, if he could play good football. But I wouldn't want football to be the biggest thing in his life. The prospect of serious injuries

wouldn't worry me. Players in good condition are seldom injured seriously. I know that from experience. I was an assistant coach at West Point for three years."



MARCELO SANCHEZ
HAVANA, CUBA
EXECUTIVE

"Yes. An All-America tag helps a man go far in life. Sure, he may break a leg or have his face twisted, but he takes that chance

when he crosses the street. My nephew was an All-American end at U.C.L.A. Shortly after graduation he became a vice president of a large company. No drag, either."



JOHN P. CARMICHAEL
SPORTS EDITOR
CHICAGO *Daily News*

"Yes. Players enjoy the competition. They benefit from the association and prestige to a degree that far overshadows the possibility

of injury or tendency to become athletic bums. There should be more full scholarships for boys who want to trade football ability for honest educations."



BENSON FORD
DETROIT
VICE PRESIDENT
FORD MOTOR CO.

"Yes, if his studies didn't suffer. What father wouldn't? Football grew out of American colleges. It's the greatest competitive game ever developed. A boy who can star on the football field while maintaining good scholastic grades is a potential leader in industry."



MRS. THEODORE
INNES
RATON, N.M.
HOUSEWIFE

"No. He played in high school. I was so worried that I could never watch him play. He used to say: 'Mother, you never get hurt if you follow the rules.' When he did get hurt he said someone else didn't follow the rules. At college, I pleaded with him 'not to be beef for the variety.'"



MAC KMENTGEN
NEW YORK, N.Y.
RESTAURATEUR

"No. Big-time football takes too much time. And it results in many permanent injuries. But there's more than the physical risk. Too many plaids, too many girls can go to a boy's head. It's fine to die for dear old Yale, but I'd rather see him put the same enthusiasm into his studies."



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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

GOLF is, in part, the evaluation of blades of grass; the careful contemplation of grains of sand; the extrasensory perception of the whims of air currents; the instrumentless survey of slopes and vales, rocks and rills. Its players flicker back and forth between worlds of nervelessness and nervousness, between states of suspended and explosive animation, executing a succession of three-dimensional forays inside a vast terrarium.



HERBERT WARREN WIND

It is a game which is no easier to write about than to play, requiring as it does the interpretation of both physical and intellectual precision. Golf, nevertheless, has acquired through the centuries a huge literature of

perhaps a higher quality than any other sport.

This is a thought which came forcibly to mind as I read through Herbert Warren Wind's just-published anthology, *The Complete Golfer* (Simon and Schuster, \$5), in which Tobias Smollett and Stephen Leacock share honors with Grantland Rice, O. B. Keeler, Ring Lardner and a host of other writers of distinction.

For Associate Editor Herb Wind, whose reports on the facts, fancies and intricacies of golf appear regularly in SI, this is the third book. His first, *The Story of American Golf*, appeared in 1948, followed in 1950 by a collaboration with Gene Sarazen on Sarazen's autobiography, *Thirty Years of Championship Golf*. Between books he has authored profiles for *The New Yorker* and a quantity of sports articles, predominantly on golf.

As a young boy, Wind grew up in the shoe-manufacturing town of Brockton, Mass. In those pre-Marciano days of the '20s, one of Brockton's greatest claims to sports renown was four golf courses. Golf was there for the playing, and Wind began to play it, to the accompaniment of the great golf boom, sounding from the drums of Bobby Jones, Walter Hagen and Gene Sarazen. He continued to play it, through Yale, where he also played basketball, and Cambridge University, where he also played rugby; even through his years in the service, when the fortunes of war exposed him to some courses in China and Japan. He has played on every continent but Africa; and well enough to compete in the British Amateur in 1950, where he succumbed in the first round, but to a Walker Cup player, 3 and 1.

Wind holds a golf record which he is usually at some pains to conceal. When golfing mates once charged him with playing too slowly, he lined up three fleet caddies and then played 18 holes in 39 minutes (and 89 strokes). This is an unchallenged world's record, and Wind hopes it stays that way, for he feels in retrospect that the provocation did not warrant this ultimate, if highly skilled, expression of how not to play golf.

Bobby Jones has written in the introduction to Wind's latest book:

"Herb Wind is devoted to golf. He is a fine, sensitive writer on the game, whose works range from essays of the most accurately appreciative kind to some of the finest golf reporting I have ever read. Anyone familiar with his truly monumental *Story of American Golf* will attest to his thoroughness. I know that his search has been wide and that his selections have been made with high intelligence and integrity."

Naturally we are glad that the words from this most distinguished critic have as their subject the man who writes golf for SI.

Harry Phillips

FRUSTRATION IS FUN

Playground equipment with built-in disappointments is designed to help in preparing youngsters for "the struggles of maturity"



PROFESSOR BROWN

TO PRINCETON Professor Joseph Brown, play is "nature's way of preparing a child for the struggles of maturity." As such, he believes that play apparatus should be continuously challenging to the youngsters using it.

Despairing of the ordinary, rigid equipment, Joe Brown decided four years ago to fashion some of his own. At the National Recreation Association meeting in St. Louis, he unveiled his results: models pictured here which many of the recreation leaders hail as "the most revolutionary idea

for play yards in the past 50 years."

In designing this equipment, Brown explained, he took into account two facts of life: 1) an individual's decisions must be partly conditioned by the actions of others. 2) Life is unpredictable.

WEB OF UNPREDICTABILITY

The Play Community shown below consists of two main elements. Its central part is concrete crisscrossed with a web of steel cables covered with nylon rope. The cables radiate from a ball and socket joint to flexible poles on the perimeter. When a child clambers along the cables his movement is transmitted to the rest of the strands and the entire network moves, complicating the lives of everyone concerned. Although the motion is not violent enough to fling a child off, it does draw him off balance unless he learns to give and take at the right moment.

The hollow concrete element, built so that children can play inside as well as outside, holds its share of unpredictability, too. To get to the top, for example, a child can take the curved step just so far, after which he must improvise a route to climb higher.

Once on top, he meets what Brown terms "a planned disappointment." The spiral slide looks as if it circles to the ground. Half-way down, however, it levels off, and a youngster must make a decision and act on it. He can climb onto the curved ledge, or swing to the cables, or remain seated and push two or three times until he reaches a second slide going to the bottom.

The Whale Yard (left), a modification of the Play Community, enables youngsters of various ages to play together without getting in each other's way. Toddlers can crawl inside while older children can use the ropes, climb on top or play on the slide in the whale's tail.

The Spring-Tree (below) has a trunk of spring steel and branches of rope. The higher the youngsters scramble up the strands the more the entire tree will pitch and sway.

Last week, as construction of the first Spring-Tree and Whale Yard began for a Philadelphia city playground, designer Brown quipped: "This equipment may teach a child for the first time that there are trouble-makers in the world but that it's hard to put your finger on the right one."



WHALE, built for children of all ages, is 16 ft. long, 7 ft. high with a tunnel inside.



PLAY COMMUNITY'S web of flexible cables covers an area of 38 ft. x 32 ft. The concrete center with slide and inner passageways stands 9 ft. high. Cost to build: about \$4,500.



SPRING-TREE sways as youngsters climb higher up network of rope branches.

PAT ON THE BACK

Herewith a salute from the editors to men and women of all ages who have fairly earned the good opinion of the world of sport, regardless of whether they have yet earned its tallest headlines

SHEILA MAY MOORE, 24, of Thames Ditton, Surrey, England, began riding 18 months ago. This summer, the attractive secretary persuaded her boss to help her form the Girl Horse Rangers Association. With Sheila as commandant, the Rangers now number 91 girls between 14 and 30 who meet twice weekly to learn riding and stable management.



JOHN CHISELKO, 18, of Somerville, N.J. has been winning amateur bicycle-riding honors since 1950 and took the national junior title in 1952. He was "Best All-Around American Rider" in 1953 and is leading for the B.A.R. crown this year. A Rutgers freshman, John is aiming for a berth on the U.S. Olympic team in 1956.



PRINCE WILHELM, 70, only living brother of Sweden's King Gustaf Adolf, spends most of his time fishing and writing. Although he prefers watching to shooting, the venerable prince was host for a royal elk-hunting party in the crown forest of Hunneberg and bagged two of the 51 elks shot in three days.



ROY CAMPBELL, a Seattle dairy executive, who has been playing golf for 62 of his 69 years, hit the jackpot with a 68, one of the few times a golfer has undershot his age. Last year, he surprised everybody by winning his club championship and has twice shot holes-in-one.



CHARLES WEEKS came to West Palm Beach, Fla. from California and, at 81, has been spear-fishing for 18 years. He doesn't use an artificial lung and once got 15 sheepsheads without a mis. A fruit grower, he calls it a thrilling sport "that takes you into a wonderful world under the sea."

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The professional champions bow for the first time in 11 games



COVER: *Owen Field, Norman, Okla.*

Photograph by JERRY COOKE

At the University of Oklahoma, where this week's cover was photographed, they grow their players big and fast, and their followers come out—rain or shine—to root them home. All around the country this week and for the rest of the fall, this panorama will repeat itself, with enthusiasm mounting as each team, with its droves of loyal fans, goes through that uniquely American fall phenomenon—the Big Game.

Acknowledgments on page 45

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

**I TAUGHT BUD WILKINSON
HOW TO PLAY FOOTBALL**

Golfer Patty Berg recalls the days when she was quarterback of a sandlot team in Minneapolis and the Oklahoma coach was an aspiring tackle

A HOT YEAR FOR THE PROS

The professional teams are in a wide-open race; 50 photographers and reporters cover the week's top games from coast to coast

HOW TO SURVIVE IN THE WOODS

What a deer hunter wears may mean life or death; an article on accidents with photographs In Color of recommended gear

PLUS: THE COLLEGE GAME OF THE WEEK AND A FLYING COLUMN BY BILL MAULDIN

NOVEMBER 1, 1954

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATION BY



BOXING'S DIRTY BUSINESS MUST BE CLEANED UP NOW

One of the most brazen frauds of modern times was perpetrated on the U.S. public last week when the world welterweight championship changed hands in Philadelphia. Only 7,909 attended the fiasco but its stench got into 10,000,000 homes through television. This makes the state of boxing a national concern, and it indicates the time has come for a federal investigation of the hoodlums who are ruining it

by BUDD SCHULBERG

JOHNNY SAXTON may be an orphan, but no one can say he lacks for cousins in Philadelphia. Anybody who can clown his way through 15 listless rounds and still be rewarded with a world's championship must have a covey of doting relatives in the Friendly City. I am still choking on the lineal connections between the new "champion" and his benefactors, Referee Pete Pantaleo and Judges Jim Mina and Nat Lopinson, all of whom gave the defending champion, Kid Gavilan, the treatment a GOP candidate expects in Mississippi. They voted the straight Saxton-Palermo ticket. The three officials, if not blood relatives of the hideous wonder, have at the very least a touching sentimental attachment for the Riverdale founding who plays Cinderella to Manager Blinky Palermo's unshaven Fairy Godmother.

Blinky's champion "fights," as they used to say, "out of Philadelphia." He can't move far enough out to satisfy the nearly 8,000 fans who suffered through the gruesome, gruesome twosome between him and fading Kid Gavilan in Convention Hall the other evening. Blinky Palermo, a numbers man who traffics in fighters (like Williams, Billy Fox, Clarence Henry, Dan Bucceroni, Coley Wallace, etc.), operates out of Philadelphia. One of boxing's top-ranking ambassadors of ill will, a field in which there is always stiff competition, Blinky is frequently identified as "The Philadelphia Sportsman." It has become a sort of private joke, especially suitable to those papers who would rather not spell *s-p-a-d-e*. In 1951 a federal district court found Blinky guilty of contempt for refusing to answer questions before a racketeers grand jury. Contempt is also the word for Blinky's attitude toward boxing fans in foisting Saxton, the human grannyknot, on them as Kid Gavilan's successor.

Johnny may never have known what it is to have a real brother but he has certainly found the next best thing in

Honest Pete Pantaleo, another Philadelphia sportsman, who handled the fight with such tender concern for Saxton's welfare that it is difficult for me to understand why there should have been such bitter criticism of him in the press. Extending a helping hand to an orphan boy trying to make something of himself is certainly a praiseworthy gesture. Statues of Pantaleo may yet be found in orphanages throughout America. A fitting inscription, to be engraved at the base of the noble bronze head of Pantaleo, might read as follows:

"For service to one of our own, above and beyond the call of duty, in donating the welterweight championship of the world to Johnny Saxton. Disregarding his own safety and placing himself in the greatest jeopardy by inviting the wrath of 7,909 onlookers and millions of irate TV viewers across the nation, Pantaleo nevertheless persevered and proved the courage of his convictions by awarding Saxton even those rounds in which he failed to throw a single punch. Hall Pantaleo, boxing's Patron Saint of Orphans!"

The cost of this charitable project will surely be underwritten by Blinky himself. It is the least he owes Honest Pete. The debt can never be paid in full.

Not to be forgotten while we hand out these skunk-cabbage bouquets is the role of Commissioner Frank Wiener, who made quite a show of rushing to and fro, exhorting the "fighters" to cease their loving embraces and affectionate staring at each other. Wiener had already distinguished himself by announcing before the weigh-in that if Gavilan came in over the official weight limit, Saxton could still win the title by winning the fight. If the Kid won, the Commissioner went on to explain, the title would be declared vacant. You and I, who aren't so couvant with these things, may wonder why, if Gavilan was to be asked to turn in his title, it should be handed on a silver platter to Blinky's boy, who ranked fifth in

A PRESIDENTIAL PRECEDENT



Maxwell, a Swarthmore star hit too hard and too often by Pennsylvania. T. R. set a worth-while precedent by calling college representatives to Washington. He told them "to make the game of football a rather less homicidal pastime." As a result, rules committees outlawed hurling and other dangerous practices.

In 1905, football was of-fending the public al-most as much as boxing is today, largely because of excessive brutality. President Theodore Roosevelt (left), became enraged when shown a photo of bloodied Bob

SEE PAGE 58 FOR COLUMN OF WEEK
BY DAN PARKER ON BOXING FRAUD



IN STRIDE AND IN CLASSIC FORMATION THREE ARKANSAS BLOCKERS GUARD TAILBACK BUDDY BENSON AS HE STARTS WHAT APPEARS

UNDERDOG ARKANSAS WINS AGAIN

by WILLARD RAPPLEYE

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

ARKANSAS forced pass-minded Mississippi to go on the ground, and there fought the nation's leader in total offense to a standstill for three periods. Then, late in the fourth quarter, the Razorbacks uncorked one picture pass play of their own to down the previously unbeaten Rebels, 6-0, and preserve their own amazing record as undefeated underdogs.

The second time the Rebels got their hands on the ball they drove to the Razorback five. They never got past the Arkansas 20 again. But Arkansas could not get anything started either. Twice in the first half they had to kick from deep in their own end zone, and in the third quarter only had the ball for three scrimmage plays and three punts.

In the final quarter, Arkansas moved

to the Mississippi 16, only to stall. Eventually, Arkansas got the ball again on its own 17. The Razorbacks ground out a first down, and then, with third and six on their own 34, and their fans pleading for a first down so they could hold the ball and preserve the tie, they topped the plea.

On a basic angle-wing sweep to the left, blocking back Preston Carpenter cut through the line and hore down on Ole Miss Halfback Earl Blair as if to block him. At the last second he straightened up and broke into the clear along the left sideline. Tailback Buddy Benson, swinging wide, suddenly stopped and lofted a long pass down the line. Carpenter, on the Ole Miss 39, took the ball over his shoulder without breaking stride and simply ran away from Blair to score,

with less than four minutes left to play.

Later Arkansas' Coach Bowden Wyatt said Mississippi had been fully extended: "I guess they did everything they could to beat us." Ole Miss Coach Johnny Vaught, still stunned by the sudden score, said: "I never was concerned about losing the ball game. And then"—he shook his head sadly—"that kind of play won't hit for you but three out of ten times."

Next week the Razorbacks play Texas A. & M., their successors as doormat of the Southwest Conference, undermanned but improving fast in their first year under wily Paul (Bear) Bryant. This time Arkansas will be the favorite, and the only way it can spring its weekly upset will be to lose.

NOVEMBER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK KAUFFMAN

Disappointment, success and surprise have made this college season an exciting one. SI's football expert calls it the finest ever

by HERMAN HICKMAN

NEVER before in the history of football have the form charts taken such a heating. The stretch run is just beginning, but already there have been disappointments and surprises, upsets and routs—everything that goes into making football the greatest combative sport of all. This, to my mind, is collegiate football's finest year.

The mighty have fallen. Most disappointing has been Illinois, among the mightiest in 1953. The Illini have lost four of their five games. But Texas, touted to be impervious to defeat, has only two wins against four losses; once-mighty Maryland has two wins, two losses and a tie. Many felt Michigan State would keep its strangle hold on Midwestern football despite the loss of key personnel and a cohesive coaching staff. The Spartan failure glares in a record of one win and four losses. On the West Coast most experts thought California was a shoo-in for the Rose Bowl. Experts thought wrong. The Bears have two wins and four losses.

Pleasant surprises have filled the national scene. Ohio State, always potentially a powerhouse, but, invariably, hot and cold over the season's span, seems to have torn up

OTHER GAMES OF THE WEEK

U.S.C.-California, pp. 14-15; Utah-Wyoming, p. 54; Yale-Colgate, p. 54; Ohio State-Wisconsin, p. 55

and thrown away its old scripts. The Buckeyes have gained momentum by the week and must be placed close to the top of the national list.

Army, after taking an opening-game beating from South Carolina, has completely dominated its opposition to date. The 26 7 trouncing of Michigan's underrated Sophomores looms significantly, after the Wolverines' 34-0 rout of previously undefeated Minnesota. The Cadets' defense is solid and the running of a whole raft of backs is more than faintly reminiscent of the Blanchard-Davis era. This West Point team professed to be a year away. If it is—WOW!!

If Arkansas' Bowden Wyatt loses all the remaining games on his schedule—which he won't—he would still be considered for the year's coaching honors. He's kept low-rated Arkansas undefeated and untied against such opposition as T.C.U., Baylor, Texas and Mississippi (left). In the entire land of the South, stretching from the Gulf to West Virginia, there are only three major unbeaten teams: West Virginia and V.P.I. at the northern pole, Miami U. in the sunnier South. This doesn't mean that the teams in the section that gave birth to the best blues and the most Bowls are sub-par. Rather, they're all damn good.

In the Southeastern Conference, Georgia is on top by itself, with a 2-0 league record and a 5-1 overall. With Alabama, Florida, Auburn and Georgia Tech coming up, this probably won't last. Almost everyone is strong enough to challenge.

Duke, Maryland and South Carolina still are the best in the Atlantic Coast Conference and in the Southern Conference it's West Virginia and V.P.I. Maybe Miami's squad is the strongest in the entire South but the university has been censured by the N.C.A.A. As a result, strong though they are, they probably won't be invited to a bowl.

continued on page 15



TO BE SWEEP AROUND MISSISSIPPI'S RIGHT END, BUT . . .



. . . It's a pass. Benson stops sweep, and starts a throw that sailed to Preston Carpenter for winning score.



CALIFORNIA QUARTERBACK PAUL LARSON, BRILLIANT BUT UNPREDICTABLE, RUNS U.S.C. KICKOFF 82 YARDS TO ONE-FOOT LINE

U.S.C. SMELLS ROSES

by JAMES MURRAY

LOS ANGELES

LATE in the fourth quarter the University of Southern California rooters began to chant: "We smell roses." The California stands retorted: "You smell. Period." But the significance of the 29-27 victory U.S.C. scored over Cal was undisputed. It made the Trojans a virtual clinch to represent the Pacific Coast Conference in the Rose Bowl New Year's Day.

The drama of the victory was quite something else. It might best be titled "The Perils of Paul," it was melodrama in the best traditions of Saturday matinee cliffhangers. California's quarter-

back Paul Larson, the resident Pearl White, is probably the country's most uninhibited college quarterback. On certain afternoons he's also the best. On this afternoon he was alternately both.

Because of his peculiar talent for doing the right thing as often, or more often, than the wrong thing, Paul Larson gets enough rope to hang himself. He frequently does. But when Larson is right he is brilliantly right.

The Trojans won partly because they got the breaks. They recovered the fumbled opening kickoff and scored from 30 yards out when the

game was barely three minutes old. By the time the second quarter was three minutes old, Southern Cal led 14-0.

The Trojans won mainly because Larson is Larson, a quarterback who operates on the theory that all things come to him who waits (sometimes the things were horny-handed S.C. linemen). On every play Larson seemed infused with the belief that justice would triumph and that he was justice. Larson thrives on this kind of confusion. Once he collided with the referee, but still completed his pass with ease. If you think this sort of thing bothered

LARSON THROWS PASS IN LOSING CAUSE AND ENO JIM CARMICHAEL PURSUES BALL LIKE WILLIE MAYS IN WORLD SERIES



HICKMAN'S ROUNDUP continued

RAMPAGING is the word for U.C.L.A. In six games the Uclans have scored 265 points against their opponents' 34. I forget, momentarily, the source of the quote, "Cry 'havoc!' and let slip the dogs of war," but that just about sums up Red Sanders' campaign. Standing at three conference wins along with the Bruins is their old cross-town rival, Southern Cal. The Trojans have coordinated all of their latest forces of yesteryear into a well-knit unit that could trouble any foe—even U.C.L.A. Southern Cal looks like a safe bet for the Rose Bowl, with Stanford, at two wins and one loss, having only an outside chance. Oregon could not quite live up to its Bowl hopes and California has been most disappointing. Actually, Southern Cal may take the Pacific Coast Conference title too, but somehow I don't think that the Trojans will.

In the Southwest, surprising Arkansas, oftentimes referred to as the stepchild of the Southwest Conference—it's the only member not in Texas—leads the league with three wins and no losses, but the Razorbacks have Texas A.&M., Rice and S.M.U. coming up for the next three weeks. They have gone undefeated this far. Who knows, they may go farther, Southern Methodist, looking much stronger than in preseason estimates, has won its first conference test and has five more to go. T.C.U., Rice and Baylor all stand at one and one.

In the Border Conference, Texas Tech, Arizona and Arizona State are all tied for the lead with two wins against no losses.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHIL BATH

his side guess what it did to the other team? Not enough, but Coach Jess Hill of the Trojans was still shaken as he sipped a coke after the game. "I'm glad it's over," he said. "That Larson sure made a believer out of me."

In the third quarter with the score 20-7 and Trojan rooters mentally deciding to fill out Rose Bowl ticket applications, Larson took the kickoff and danced 84 yards to the one-foot line. Then he powered over on the next play.

Before the cheers had died Larson was standing on his own 8. The score was 20-14, second down, 20 to go. Larson never decided what to do. He stood in the end zone considering a pass until

an end named Don McFarland dumped him on the seat of his golden pants for a safety and two points—two points which won the game.

Larson engineered two more touchdowns in the final quarter but S.C. engineered one. The score was already 29-21 and only seconds were left when Larson set up the final touchdown.

The game was to be a duel between Larson and S.C.'s brilliant sophomore Jon Arnett. But S.C.'s coach used Ar-

**Next Week:
CINCINNATI vs.
COLLEGE OF THE PACIFIC
in Cincinnati**

nett mostly as a decoy, let more experienced Lindon Crow do the damage. (Crow scored three times.)

California's Coach Lynn O. "Pappy" Waldorf, whose nerve endings must be raw after three years of Larson, had a melancholy task after the game. He had to confront his rabid Southern California alumni group, the Southern Seas (pun on "C's"). The Southern Seas was formed in 1930 after S.C. slaughtered Cal 74-0. To be sure Coach Waldorf has pared the deficit by 72 points but it may not help much when the Southern Seas see (no pun) U.S.C. (no pun, either) in the Rose Bowl.

FOOTBALL CONTINUED ON PAGE 54



DON MCFARLAND STARTS TO POUNCE ON LARSON IN END ZONE



AFTER POUNCE LARSON IS DOWN AND U.S.C. HAS KEY SAFETY

LIKE WILLIE, CARMICHAEL MAKES HIS CATCH. HE FLITS PAST TWO U.S.C. BACKS AND MAKES 1ST-QUARTER PLAY A LONG GAINER





A BLUR ON THE BEACH, LEE PETTY'S CHRYSLER HITS RECORD MARK OF 116.37 MPH

SOUPED-UP AND HOT

A round-up of 1954 shows that stock cars are faster, midgets are fighting for their lives, and in hot rods it's go, man, go

by JOHN BENTLEY

BACK in 1947, Bill France—a driver and promoter of stock car races in the Carolinas under AAA sanction—complained to the Contest Board in Washington. The AAA, he said, was neglecting stock car races. How about some orderly supervision? The Contest Board turned him down, so France called together a group of other promoters at Daytona Beach, Fla., formed the National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing Inc. (NASCAR) and became its president. The new body divided stock car events into six groups: Grand National Circuit and Short Track Division for late-model stock cars; Sportsman Division for older stocks; Modified Division for modified stocks and the Amateur Stock Car and Midget Divisions.

RISE OF NASCAR

NASCAR grew rapidly in stature and importance and has since practically taken over stock car racing from the AAA. Starting with nine races on nine speedways in five states during 1949, NASCAR stock car (and midget) events last year paid drivers \$1,500,000 prize money. This year NASCAR sanctioned 1,300 races which drew 350,000 spectators at 103 tracks in 27 states, for which 11,900 drivers, owners and mechanics received \$2 million prize money. About 75% of NASCAR tracks are located east of the Mississippi, with the remainder covering Nebraska, South Dakota and Iowa and (in 1954) California.

NASCAR's National Grand Circuit Stock Car champion is Lee Petty,

Randleman, N.C., with enough points (8,541) to cinch the title. Petty earned \$22,715 for 33 races, with seven wins, five seconds and six third places.

Midget races are featured on the same bill as stocks, to bolster up a deflated form of auto racing in which NASCAR is not primarily interested. Midgets hit the top in 1948 and the bottom in 1951, due to a monotonous equality of power and speed which deprives actual driving skill of the importance it holds in stock car racing. Since then, public interest in midgets has revived somewhat, but NASCAR has only 68 registered midget drivers who drove a total of 24 races this season, mainly in New Jersey and Michigan. This compares poorly with the AAA's 59 midget races at 28 tracks in 10 states, which drew 205,821 spectators and paid \$163,306 prize money.

NASCAR's midget champion, Chuck Arnold, Stamford, Conn., this

season racked up 840 points, earned \$3,053 and scored four wins, three seconds, four thirds. AAA's midget titleholder is Rex Easton, Springfield, Ill., with 2,754 points, \$6,037 in prize money for three wins, seven seconds and three third places.

On the other hand, AAA stock car racing, with certain permissible modifications (axles, steering, wheels, shock absorbers and gear ratios), is confined to production autos of the last three years. Only 16 events were run this year, netting drivers \$119,843 in purses. These were all of championship status, with the same points system as for AAA big car racing (SI, Oct. 25) but with points awarded for feature races only. Total stock car racing personnel at present registered with AAA is 485. Champion is Marshall Teague, Daytona Beach, Fla., who scored 2,330 points and won \$13,522 prize money with five firsts, four seconds and two thirds.

FOR GLORY ALONE

AAA sprint races, however—run on half-mile to one-mile tracks and with engine displacement limited to 220 cu. in.—remain fairly active. Forty-four sprint races were sanctioned by AAA this year, drawing 522,404 fans and paying the drivers \$158,280 in purses. Of these, 16 were run on the East Coast, and 28 in the Midwest. Eastern sprint champion is John Thompson, while in the Midwest, top rating goes to Pat O'Connor.

The hot rod boys are something else again, since they do not run for money but (like sports car enthusiasts) for trophies and glory alone. California alone has 12 of the 60 drag strips now operating on a nationwide basis, with Texas the runner-up with five. Currently, some 200,000 enthusiasts build or race hot rods, but at least 2 million people participate in the sport.

Text continued on page 22

SPECTACLE

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHIL BATH

THE HOTTEST MAN OF THEM ALL



The hottest (and weirdest) automobiles in the world are the super hot rods shown opposite and on the following pages. They race on the Bonneville salt flats in Utah, and it was there that 25-year-old Bob Bowen (left) drove faster than any other man in 1954. He put his red Shadoff Special (opposite) through the electronic mile at 252.80 mph.



Disembodied streamliner, its shell plastered with advertising, was stripped for work on twin Chrysler engines before speed

run of 219 mph. Fastest of the big cars was Shadoff Special (below) which set a record of 248.26 mph





"Beast No. 5," built but not driven by polio victim Chet Herbert, reached 212.64 mph on power of two



Bulbous nose of Lakester, developed for racing on California's dry lake beds, resembled a tearing shark's head



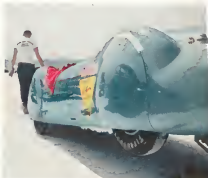
Modified roadster, a streamlined stock car powered with souped-up Lincoln engine for racing, waited for push to starting line



overhead valve Dodge engines. Herbert, confined to wheel chair, supervised all of "Beast's" pit work



Howard Special, two aircraft fuel tanks with engine in one and driver in other, was hand jockeyed to a pusher starting truck



Big Kenz Special was jacked up after 245 mph run which left heavy deposits of silt on the underside of its body



Young hot-rodders pushed competition coupe with chopped (lowered) top to get it started (above). Speeding roadster pic-

tured below is world's fastest and was first to exceed 200 mph with run of 202.07 mph at Bonneville Flats



The National Hot Rod Association (NHRA), formed in 1951, controls much of this activity. With 25,000 members now enrolled and more than 2,000 active local hot rod clubs on its files, NHRA is a powerful organizing body. It recognizes 26 competition classes (using either gasoline or optional fuels under sub-headings such as Roadsters, Coupe/Sedans, Dragsters, etc.) and its foremost activity is on quarter-mile drag strips and, yearly, at the Bonneville Flats speed trials in Utah. After qualifying runs, drag races pit car against car to find the winner. There are no second or third places.

The top three NHRA races are Caddo Mills, Texas; Akron, Ohio and Madera, California, where this year (Oct. 9 and 10) 24 new records were officially chalked up. Top all-around NHRA driver of 1964 (though not the fastest) is Art Chrisman, of Compton, Calif., whose rear-engine DeSoto V-8 coupe set a 192.70 mph one-way record at Bonneville.

Contending body to the NHRA is the ATAA (Automobile Timing Association of America Inc.), formed a year ago to stimulate hot rod activity in the Midwest. Sparked by automotive parts manufacturer Arnold Maremont, its chairman, ATAA has some fine drag strips in the Chicago and St. Louis areas and at Lawrenceville Airport, Ill. Here, on Oct. 2 and 3, a First Annual World Series of Drag Racing was held by 350 hot rodders from 28 states before 7,000 spectators. Fastest was Arthur Arfons whose Allison-powered six-wheeler clocked 132.25 mph to win him a \$1,000 college scholarship.



MASTER MIDGET Rex Easton won the Midwest and National AAA titles in 1964.



FASTEST DRAGSTER was Arden-Mercury powered "Bean Bandit," owned and operated by San Diego club. Its new record: 10.86 seconds for quarter-mile.

TOP STOCK AND MIDGET RACES

STOCK CAR RACES (NASCAR)

FEB. 25: DAYTONA BEACH, FLA. (Grand National Circuit race number two) 160 miles; 4.1 miles, paved and sand; crowd 35,000. Total prize money \$6,375. 1) Lee Petty ('54 Chrysler) 89.14 mph. 2) Buck Baker ('58 Oldsmobile). 3) Curtis Turner ('54 Oldsmobile).

Earnings and points: Petty \$1,200—350 pts.; Baker \$1,160—336 pts.; Turner \$800—322 pts.

The race: Tim Flock ('54 Olds 88) was flagged as the winner at record 90.40 mph, but was disqualified. Runner-up Petty, declared winner, qualified on measured mile at 123.41 mph.

SEPT. 6: DARLINGTON, S.C. ("Southern 500")

500 miles; 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles, banked asphalt; crowd 34,000. Total prize money \$27,065. 1) Herb Thomas ('54 Hudson) 94.90 mph. 2) Curtis Turner ('52 Oldsmobile). 3) Lee Petty ('54 Dodge).

Earnings and points: Thomas \$6,830—1,500 pts.; Turner \$6,245—1,440 pts.; Petty \$2,155—1,380 pts.

The race: The "Kentucky Derby" of late model stock cars, this event was won by Thomas at record speed. First 22 finishers were all running when race was flagged.

OCT. 10: MEMPHIS-ARK. SPEEDWAY, TENN. (Carnival of Speed)

250 miles; 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ mile banked dirt; crowd 12,000. Total prize money \$10,050.

1) Buck Baker ('54 Oldsmobile) 88.83 mph. 2) Dick Rathman ('54 Hudson). 3) Lee Petty ('54 Chrysler).

Earnings and points: Baker \$1,850—625 pts.; Rathman \$1,150—600 pts.; Petty \$850—575 pts.

The race: Baker, never threatened, won handily by five laps.

STOCK CAR RACES (AAA)

SEPT. 12: MILWAUKEE, WIS.

200 miles; one mile asphalt; crowd 16,238. Total prize money \$14,800.

1) Marshall Tague (Hudson Hornet) 77.18 mph. 2) Don Miller (Chrysler). 3) Sam Hanks (Hudson). All '54.

Earnings and points: Tague \$2,940—400 pts.; Miller \$2,018—320 pts.; Hanks \$1,470—280 pts.

The race: Tague led for 160 of the 200 laps. Jim Rathman (Olds 88) led on first lap; Frank Mundy (Chrysler) then led to 27th lap when teammate Chuck Stevenson took lead, but quit on 40th with ignition trouble. Tague led from then to finish.

MAY 29: INDIANAPOLIS FAIRGROUND, IND. 25 miles; 1 mile asphalt; crowd 7,080. Total prize money \$7,000.

1) Petty Goacher (B & D Body Spd) 52.08 mph. 2) Forrest Parker (Boonie Doone Spd). 3) Joe Barza (Ridenour Spd).

Earnings and points: Goacher \$775.90—150 pts.; Parker \$694.80—120 pts.; Barza \$408.50—105 pts.

The race: Goacher started 50th but worked his way through field with great determination, taking lead on 63rd lap. He was never headed thereafter.

AUG. 18: SOLDIER FIELD, CHICAGO (Midwest Circuit)

62 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles; $\frac{1}{4}$ mile asphalt; crowd 4,791. Total prize money \$3,800.

1) Shorty Templeman (Whelan Spd) no time. 2) Al Herman (McGoff Spd). 3) George Amick (Offenhauer Spd).

Earnings and points: Templeman \$855—150 pts.; Herman \$513—130 pts.; Amick \$342—105 pts.

The race: Herman led after a restart caused by a spinning car. Tolan (Anderson Spd) passed him on third lap. Cross grabbed lead on 43th lap but Bettenhausen took him five laps later. Bettenhausen stayed ahead from 50th to 123rd lap when he crashed on south turn due to a blown engine and hit Jimmy Knight's car. Templeman in second then forged ahead to the finish.

SEPT. 15: TERRE HAUTE FAIRGROUND (IND.) National Circuit

100 miles; $\frac{1}{2}$ mile dirt; crowd 3,610. Total prize money \$4,000.

1) Duke Nalon (Johnny Pawl Spd) 58.77 mph. 2) Roy Newman (Offenhauer Spd). 3) Jack Turner (Jack Turner Spd).

Earnings and points: Nalon \$680—200 pts.; Newman \$560—160 pts.; Turner \$360—140 pts.

The race: Duke Nalon rode the outside rail for 200 laps after taking over the lead on the 52nd lap to win. Race was run under the yellow flag for 12 laps when George Titchner lost a wheel on the 52nd lap.

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

A BIG WEEK FOR WOMEN EVERYWHERE



FOOTBALL WIVES, all of them married to men who have played for New York Giants football team, lined up in close approximation of positions their husbands played during their professional careers. Left to right in the backfield: Betty Rote,

Barbara Heinrich, Marion Conerly and Judy Clatterbuck. Kneeling down in the line (l. to r.): Lib Duncan, Marjorie Krouse, Eleanor Albright, Alicia Landry, Hazel Stroud, Jeanne Shipp and Charlotte Swicki (wife of End Coach Bill).



LADY RIDERS lined up at Newmarket, England before Town Plate, 288-year-old horse race won by pretty Ann Waugh (right). Town Plate, only race in England that permits female entries, honors the memory of Charles II, who combined liking for fast horses and lovely women by escorting Nell Gwynne to first race in 1666.



TENNIS CHAMPIONS Darlene Hard of Montebello, Calif. and Dorothy Cheney (right) of Santa Monica had a difficult time beating Maria



BILLIARD ACE Masako Katsura, champion of Japan, entered world tournament in Buenos Aires against best male competitors, lasted till semifinal round and finished fourth among world's top players.



Rolcan and Martha Hernandez, 2-6, 7-5, 6-1, for doubles title in Pan-American tournament, then had to tackle microphone and use halting Spanish to thank audience in Mexico City for hospitality during championships.



FLYING FAN Audrey Pearce of Ilford, England packed own plane to model-airplane rally at Hadley-Page Aircraft Co. grounds. Rally, largest ever held in England, saw 500 competitors enter some 800 planes, including one awesome four-engine Diesel that won *concours d'elegance* competition.



HALLOWEEN BOWLING PARTY got off to a fast start in Dayton, Ohio, as members of the Belmont Bowling Lane's mixed Sunday Night League set up pins in five alleys and let fly. Only rule for the evening was that all costumes be made at home. Alley man-

THE WITCHING HOUR



GAY NINETIES BATHERS Fred Talbott (left) and Dick DuBolt squeezed into ancient swim suits, added derbies and handle-bar mustaches. Wives Dot Talbott and Margaret DuBolt (right) got into the spirit with baggy calico suits, bandannas.



DAISY MAE, wife of comic-strip hero L'il Abner Yokum, was portrayed by Janet Baker, prettiest girl at the party and, naturally, winner of the first prize for women's costumes. No mean bowler, Janet also managed to roll her share of strikes and spares.



ager Nick Manos lashed himself into a homemade costume of his own (below), waddled out on the alley and grunted, "If this doesn't kill bowling, nothing will." Far from killing the sport, the party drew three times as many bowlers as the normal Sunday

matches, even produced some of the season's highest scores for relaxed contestants. Other Dayton managers, sensitive to the ring of Manos' cash register, quickly planned more of the same for Thanksgiving and Christmas.



BUXOM BOWLER Nick Manos, manager of the alleys at which the party was held, padded his costume thoroughly up front but needed the help of Mildred Seeger, wife of the Sunday League's bowling secretary, to check and be sure that his new shape would stay securely fastened,

TIRED POODLES Jo Ann Eads (left) and her escort George George, hook-rug tails drooping wearily, headed for home as the party ended. Costumes, with two sets of long-johns as basic unit, won second prize.

SOUNDTRACK

GRUMPY MOAN IN MAINE THOUSAND-DOLLAR SIDE BET A RING, A WRANGLE, A RECORD

Hunt Breakfast, Maine style

THE LOW, grumpy moan which is the mating call of the cow moose numbered 1,600 Maine deer hunters to ceremonial breakfast in Old Town's city park last week, three hours before sunrise opened the deer season in five counties. Old Town is known for its canoes, its hand-sewn moccasins and for the ability of Chief Bruce Poolaw of the Penobscot Indians to lift a birch-bark caller to his lips and sound the most enticing moose call this side of Guy Lombardo's saxophone section.

Hardy, red-clad men from 27 states and three countries responded to Poolaw's early morning blast by lining up for a lumberjack's menu of 4,300 biscuits, 400 pounds of ham, 87 gallons of coffee and 3,700 doughnuts. No one counted the beans which had been baking, Maine-fashion, in the ground all night, but they were said to have been enough to feed a lumber camp for a month.

The breakfast, consumed by the light of hardwood bonfires which also served to take off the 40° chill, is Maine's ceremonial way of announcing that it is legal to hunt deer at sunrise in Aroostook, Somerset, Piscataquis, Franklin and Penobscot counties. November 1st is the opening day in the rest of the state, over which 175,000 venison-seekers were expected to roam this season.

For the opening, Old Town strung Christmas lights everywhere and stores kept their lights on all night. By 8 o'clock the food ran out and Old Town was just about empty, its population, permanent and transient, dispersed to the big woods in a 50-mile radius. At noon, a Washington, D.C. physician bagged his first deer—a magnificent 15-point buck that field-dressed at 217 pounds. Good hunting, everyone said.

Tinker to Evers to Oops

IT'S BEEN about 50 years since F.P.A. penned an eight-liner called *Ban-bell's Sad Leccion*. The title has been widely forgotten; the poem remains: *These are the saddest of possible words:*

"Tinker to Evers to Chance."

Trio of bear cubs and fletter than birds,

Tinker and Evers and Chance.
Ruthlessly pricking our gonfalon bubble,

Making a Giant hit into a double—

Words that are heavy with nothing but trouble:

"Tinker to Evers to Chance."

Unfortunately there remain, too, some statistics from that distant era of gonfalon bubbles. In 1906, for example, the Chicago Cubs won the pennant and 116 games, most in major league history. That season the Cubs managed exactly eight double plays that went Tinker to Evers to Chance. A year later the Cubs won another pennant and made seven double plays that went T. to E. to C. And in 1908 when the Cubs won for the third straight time there were just eight more made by the imbibic combination.

Over the three years the Cubs were, of course, in three World Series. In all they played 16 Series games. In all 16 games there were no double plays that went Tinker to Evers to Chance.

If there's still life in the old legend, set out your rhyming dictionary and see what you can do with these facts. In 1954 the Cincinnati Reds made 194 double plays . . . 40 of them went McMillan to Temple to Kluszcwski.

Of bass and men

THE island of Martha's Vineyard (Mass.) concluded its 9th annual Striped Bass and Bluefish Derby the other day and in ceremonies conducted in a vacant store on the main street of Oak Bluffs, one of the six island towns, Derby Director Ben Morton announced that the affair had been attended by 1,419 fishermen from 22 states and Canada and by more than 1,600 fish. Then Mr. Morton said it gave him great pleasure to present to Wallace Pinkham, superintendent of the Vineyard Haven Water Works, a



U.S. Savings Bond in the amount of \$500 for his 55-pound 9-ounce striped, a derby record-breaker. Mr. Pinkham, a mild-mannered man in his late thirties, had his thick, brown hair slicked down for the occasion and wore what is formal dress for the Vineyard: a white shirt with no tie. He stepped up, his eyes darting in obvious fear that he would be expected to make a speech. But Mr. Morton merely hand-

ed him his bond, shook hands and continued with his own speech, presenting other bonds to various winners and concluding with: "And so, despite two hurricanes and another one this evening (it didn't arrive) we write 'finis' to one more successful derby. Thank you, good luck, see you all next September."

As Mr. Morton gathered up his papers, it became clear that he had no prize at all for a lean, long-necked man of 40 who now pressed forward to offer his congratulations. Wearing a cap studded with buttons that were souvenirs of other derbies on the Vineyard and Cape Cod, the reddish-haired man was grinning from ear to ear and was plainly the happiest fisherman in the crowded store. This was no surprise to Mr. Morton or to the others who knew him. For the happy fisherman was Professor Jerry Jansen of New York, probably the most dedicated surf caster anywhere, a man who more or less orders his life around the pursuit of the striper.

Jansen is a professor of surf casting, the only one—so far as he knows—in the world. Last spring, he persuaded a New York trade school to add a course in surf casting to its evening curriculum and so successful were his lectures, delivered over the roar of Manhattan traffic, that they will be repeated next spring. A busy man during the derby, Professor Jansen had agreed on the last night of competition to grant an audience to an SI correspondent but stipulated that it be at Squib-nocket Beach where he planned to fish, with his wife, Lillian.

At sundown, right on schedule, the Jansons rolled up at Squib-nocket in their gleaming red-and-white beach buggy bearing the boldly lettered legend CAVEAT ROCCUS which the Professor quickly translated as "Let the bass beware."

The fog was already rolling in and the evening promised to be pleasantly foul in surf casting terms (the bass keep well off shore on moonlit nights) and Professor and Mrs. Jansen proceeded at once to don their foul-weather gear which soon encased them in water-tight rubber from head to toe.

"This is my seventh derby here on the Vineyard," said the Professor, to get things started. "You can count the derby buttons on my cap. This is the third for Lil here. You see, we've been married just three years. Lil never had been fishing—never been

*"The Common Sense of F.P.A." by Franklin P. Adams, copyright 1908 by Doubleday & Co., Inc.

fishing at all—before she met me.”

“Now,” said Lil, a petite blonde, putting the finishing touches on the most unflattering costume a woman could wear, “it’s a matter of self-defense. Oh, I’ve learned to like casting, but if I didn’t, when would I see Jerry?”

“I’m a plug man,” Jerry said, strapping a knife around his waist. “Jigs and plugs—nothing but artificial lures for me. Surface fishing entirely. Throw it out and reel it in, that’s my style. I wouldn’t use live bait of any kind if it meant winning the derby. Now I don’t mean to take anything away from Wallace Pinkham. He’s a fine bottom fisherman and he took that 55-pounder off the bottom with squid, more power to him. But I couldn’t throw a line out there and then just sit and wait for something to happen. I’ve got to have action. I did pretty well this year. Six fair-sized strikers so far.”

“I got a 3-pound blue,” Mrs. Jansen laughed. “Jerry has been calling me ‘Champ.’”

“How about that?” the Professor smiled, hanging a light around his neck and stuffing a battery in an inside pocket. “But no, I mean there are different kinds of surf casters. Some guys are bottom, some are surface. Live and let live is my motto there. The same applies in other ways. There are two schools. One school believes if you find a good spot, share the good news with the other guys. The other school believes in telling ‘em nothing. Why, do you know that guys will bury fish in the sand and if somebody comes along, they’ll swear up and down they haven’t had a strike? Or take a fellow like Ralph Grant, the best fisherman on the island. They’ll trail him and he’ll race all over the island until he shakes them. It’s like Dragnet. One guy tore down a stone wall, drove his jeep through, then built up the wall again to cover up the trail. The other night I met a guy on the beach. I asked him if it was safe to go out on a certain sand bar. You should have heard him. ‘Don’t ever go out there,’ I pleaded with me. ‘It’s treacherous!’ I thanked him and moved on. I came back a little later and where was the guy? Out on the sand bar himself!”

The Professor selected a plug and fastened it to his line. “The old time surf casters,” he said, “don’t approve of my classes back in the city. They think everybody should learn the hard way. But I believe in spreading the gospel. I say there’s no harm in showing the greenhorns a few short cuts. I say the more surf casters the merrier. There’s room for everybody. It’s a big ocean.”

What did the professor do besides fish?

“I’m a foreman of painters for the City of New York,” he said. “But that has no connection here.” The Profes-

sor shook himself more comfortably into his gear, shuffled his feet, pulled his cap down on his head and then sniffed the thickening fog of the now black night.

“Beautiful weather,” said the Professor. “We’ll cast off the sand bar out there. I guess. Ready, Lil?”

“All set,” said Mrs. Jansen.

With a wave of farewell, Professor and Mrs. Jansen turned and walked slowly away until they vanished into the fog and the sea.

Sound and fury

WHEN CBS dubbed some old Mario Lanza records into a recent color extravaganza, giving the impression thereby that Lanza was singing rather than just standing around mouthing on his first TV appearance, there were those who felt that surreptitiousness had gone too far.

Then came the football game between the University of Utah and Den-



ver University. It was at Utah’s stadium, 500 miles from Denver, and it was assumed that Denver’s cheering section would be devoted but thin—used because of understaffing. Instead, Denver cheers outvolumed Utah’s. Ute fans were, to state it as mildly as possible, stunned.

Denver, it developed, had brought along a sound truck which, at appropriate moments, blared out “Hold that line” and “Let’s go, D.U.” with more than enough amplification to do credit to the Denver rosters who, unable to travel to the game, had previously recorded the cheers for release at a more opportune time.

Ute fans squawked. The sound truck, they complained, was raucous. It was toned down but continued to blast out cheers when Denver needed them. Utah, a pregame favorite by two touchdowns, looking for its 14th straight Skyline Conference victory, was beaten, 28-20.

Endless highway

SOME YEARS ago, when Mickey Owen dropped the third strike and the Yankees went on from that ninth-inning, third-out Dodger *faux pas* to win the game (and then the World Series), a young sportswriter stopped Grantland Rice on his way out of the ball park and, in high excitement, asked: “Granny, did you ever see such a finish to a baseball game in all your life?”

“Sure,” Rice said. “Lots of times.”

He had, too. In more than half a century of writing sports, he had seen

just about everything. He knew that baseball’s essential suspense lies in the ever-present possibility of such twists of fortune. They no longer surprised him. He had come to expect them. Many similar twists are recounted in his autobiography, *The Tenth and the Shouting*, published this week by A. S. Barnes & Company.

It is an odd kind of personal history. There is in it more of Babe Ruth and Bill Tilden, of Ty Cobb and Knute Rockne, than there is of Rice. Still, when Rice described some famous athlete he had known, he revealed a great deal about himself. He was a titan who was also a hero-worshipper, a modest, retiring observer who admired the brass and brazen and a gentle, kindly man who could discern gentility and sweetness in any great athlete, no matter how much of a roisterer the fellow might be away from the hall park or how vicious a rabbit-puncher he might be in the ring. He made it his business to find out what made them that way and, once the explanation was in, Rice was convinced of their innate decency. Else how could they be champions?

His all-time heroes in baseball were Ty Cobb, Babe Ruth and Honus Wagner. As for football, his all-time college team fielded this way:

Center: Germany Schultz, Michigan ’06

Guard: Pudge Heffelfinger, Yale ’92

Guard: Herman Hickman, Tennessee ’32

Tackle: Joe Stydahar, West Virginia ’35

Tackle: Bill Henry, Washington & Jefferson ’20

End: Don Hutson, Alabama ’35

End: Bennie Oosterhuan, Michigan ’28

Quarterback: Sammy Baugh, Texas Christian ’37

Halfback: Jim Thorpe, Carlisle ’15

Halfback: Red Grange, Illinois ’25

Fullback: Bronko Nagurski, Minnesota ’30

He wrote of these and of Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney, Bobby Jones and Walter Hagen, Babe Zaharias and Helen Wills—and lots more.

“It’s been an endless highway of thrills,” Grantland Rice concluded in the story of his life shortly before he died last summer.

California topper

AS any fool knows, you tell a story to a Californian and he comes right back with one that tops you. It was recently reported in these columns that two Ohio high school teams, Zanesville and Dover, had managed between them to score three touchdowns in 38 seconds. Mild astonishment was the reaction in most sections of the country. But from California came the topper as reported by Harold H. Litten, director of publications at Whittier

High School: In the third quarter of a game between Whittier and Monrovia, Gary Campbell of the Whittier Cardinals plunged two yards over center for a touchdown. Then Whittier kicked off and Craig Shoemaker of the Monrovia Wildcats took the ball and ran 88 yards to score. Monrovia kicked off, the same Gary Campbell streaked down the sideline 86 yards for another touchdown. Total points scored: 19. Total time elapsed: 38 seconds. Thus, the Zanesville-Dover record was lowered by 20 seconds. Final score, by the way, was Whittier 26, Monrovia 12.

Old cowhand

CASEY TIBBS, a lean, curly-haired fellow of 25, figures he is getting pretty old now and ought to be thinking about the future. He has been doing that. He looks to win the world's saddle bronc riding championship this year for the fifth time and then he would like to satisfy a couple of other ambitions more suited to his advanced years.

He and Del Flanagan, the stylish welterweight boxer, stay at the same hotel whenever they are in New York together and they talk a good deal about quitting while still at the top.

Casey's boyhood ambition was to be a hoxer—hence his strong friendship with Flanagan—but now he wants two things more in keeping with what he has learned from rodeos. Looking like a cowboy even in his best blue suit, Casey wants to be just that—a cowboy, but a ranch-working cowboy on his own ranch, which spreads over 7,600 acres of South Dakota and supports 550 head of cattle “but could run 1,000 easy.” His other ambition is to establish a World Series Rodeo or inspire others to establish

it with a little help from him.

“Look what the World Series did for baseball,” he points out. “My idea is we’d take the 25 top cowboys in the country and get stock from the best stock producers—real mean broncs and bulls that wouldn’t just try to shake you off but would hook you after they shook you. That way we’d have the best competition and a real test.”

Casey thinks the Southwest—maybe Phoenix, Las Vegas or Palm Springs



—would be best for the Series and that it would prove a great tourist attraction in December, slowest month of the year for rodeo competition.

All this serious-minded thinking of the future sounds like a far cry from the impression created a few years ago by the ridin’ kid from the Cheyenne River country who, at 19, was the youngest ever to win the rodeo championship and went right on winning it except for a near miss in 1950. He made a lot of money and lived it up.

“I’m not denying I threw a lot of money across them gambling tables,” Casey says, “but you can’t live that way and ride for long. You have to keep in condition like a hoxer.”

He does have a \$1,000 bet with his nearest competitor, Deb Copenhaver (SI, Oct. 18), and is currently about 3,500 points ahead for the saddle-bronc championship.

“There are only three big rodeos left this year—Boston, the Cow Palace in San Francisco, and Detroit—and I’d have to do pretty bad to lose now,” he says.

Then he’ll start thinking some more

about the ranch and the World Series Rodeo—the sort of thinking a man does in order to plan for his old age.

Perfidious Albion

SPOKESMEN for the Soviet Union have taken an increasingly benign attitude toward the once-hated czars and have recently intimated that some of the grabber of them were really rather jolly fellows. But when English athletic officials attempted to present a czarist heirloom ring to Soviet three-miler Vladimir Kuc last week, leaders of the touring Moscow track team reacted as if their boy was being slipped a live rattlesnake.

The ring—an ornate bit of jewelry which bore 60 small diamonds and the double eagle of imperial Russia—was donated by a British businessman as an expression of admiration and consolation after Kuc was beaten by England’s Chris Chataway. It was formally presented at a ceremony just before the Russians staged an exhibition at Manchester. But though Kuc reached for it, he never got his hands on the gift—Soviet Team Manager Sergei Pushnov pushed in at the last second and grabbed it. When a Manchester newspaper ran a photograph which showed the hapless runner with his hand extended the Russian officials fairly danced with rage.

One Gegori Nikiforov, an “Honored Master of Sport,” demanded that all Manchester newspapers run stories denying that Kuc had accepted the ring. Officials of the Northern Counties Amateur Athletic Association protested that they had no power to order the newspapers to do anything. The Russians refused to believe them and cried that the whole thing was “dastardly”—a capitalist plot to make them look foolish. “This,” shouted one, “is not our custom. We don’t want any relations with your sly folk.” A taxi was forthwith called, to take the ring back to the man who had presented it, after which Coach Gauziie Kozobkoff concluded the affair by announcing, coldly: “It is not a Russian ring. It is of no historical value.”

All this hoopah presumably improved the regard with which the Messrs. Kozobkoff, Nikiforov and Pushnov are held in the Kremlin. It was quickly obvious, however, that they had passed up the chance for an ironical last laugh at the “sly” English. Vladimir Kuc, who was hustled off to Czechoslovakia for a race last weekend, not only beat the famed Emil Zatopek for the second time but, according to Radio Prague, broke Chris Chataway’s 10-day-old world record by four-tenths of a second—a performance which would certainly have given even a Russian Communist a chuckle had he been wearing England’s consolation prize at the time.



“Sure it was a walk, but I can lick any one of you boys.”



TROPHIES AT TRACKSIDE, AMONG THEM SEVERAL PORCELAIN VASES, ARE FORLORN REMINDERS OF HOPPEGARTEN'S GREAT DAYS

IRON CURTAIN RACE DAY



ROMANIA'S BEST. Aristide Cucu (left) and Joam Pall, broadcast to their countrymen from West Germany. Both complained

that racing attendance and earnings had fallen off in Romania, where the sport of kings is now the sport of commissars.

East Berlin's Hoppegarten puts on a big show for the satellites and loses two of their best jockeys

THE two young men at left broadcasting over a Voice of America hookup from West Germany were until very recently Romania's top jockeys. Aristide Cucu (left) rode more than 700 winners, most of them without enthusiasm because since the end of the war he has been waiting for a chance to rejoin his wife and child in Paris, where he left them almost 15 years ago. For this very reason the Romanian authorities never let him race outside the country—until Communist leaders in East Germany announced an international meet for Russian and satellite horses at the once famous Hoppegarten track outside East Berlin. That was too much for the Romanian racing commissars. They want-

IRON CURTAIN RACE *continued*

ed to put on their best show, and Cucu, with his friend and fellow jockey Joan Pall, Romania's second best with 200 victories, were among the riders sent.

With rare generosity, the Communists also issued Russian-type visas to a couple of Western newsmen for the big meet. SI's Dennis Fodor had to swear that he owned no property in the U.S.S.R., among other things, in order to make the trip of five miles to Hoppegarten, but, once there, he was able to watch the race freely. "I found Hoppegarten a dreary parody of its former elegance," he cabled. "On the dirty-white grandstands were large Communist propaganda signs; People's Policemen were searching for hidden bombs. The interest of German spectators was sporadic; most of the horses were unknown to them, although everyone realized that the best German blood lines were bred into them from horses looted after the war."

A Czech horse, Symbol, ran off with the big race, the "Grand Stakes of the People's Democracies and Socialist Lands." Aristide Cucu and Joan Pall took a first and third in the "Prize of Golzjewsko." Then they took a streetcar to West Berlin. Cucu and Pall had "more than enough" and are now headed for Paris—and new jobs "as far from Communism as possible."



SATELLITE DELEGATES. with waving banners, make ceremonial entry onto track before the race. Red Chinese are prominent in the foreground. The entire affair included



CHILDREN ARE ADMITTED to Hoppegarten, where they play on grass border in front of grandstand. They and strolling parents gave meet decidedly informal air.



GUNS ARE OMITTED from frankfurters and bratwurst munched by spectators between races.



much propaganda and speech making, mostly in Russian which Germans didn't understand.



Food was available at State-owned stands, priced slightly higher than average rationed article.

PAST GLORIES HAVE FADED



PRESIDENT PIECK AT THE TRACK

In the days of the Kaiser, Hoppegarten was the biggest and most elegant track in Germany. On its manicured track ran some of Europe's best horses; diplomats and aristocrats thronged its luxurious boxes. The Nazis kept up its tradition of top-hat and uniform display (below). All this, however, has now faded into the proletarian monotony of President Wilhelm Pieck's Communist regime; he and the Russian military are Hoppegarten's principal visitors today.



IN KAISER'S DAY, HOPPEGARTEN WAS IMPECCABLY ELEGANT AND LUXURIOUS



IN NAZI DAYS, GOEBBELS (CENTER) WAS A FREQUENT VISITOR TO THE TRACK



NOWADAYS, RUSSIAN SOLDIERS AND THEIR GIRLS FILL THE OFFICIAL BOXES

THE LADY WHO WON TOO OFTEN

One of America's prettiest horsewomen (*opposite and next page*), Josephine Abercrombie is turning away from horse-show competition because she almost always wins. Now she has started a new career as a racing stable owner

by HELEN MARKEL

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY IRA BASS

THE OTHER MORNING out at Belmont Park a blue-eyed blonde in soiled jodhpurs, holding a stop watch as though it were the Hupe Diamond, stood at the rail watching a thoroughbred work out in the thin morning sun. A few feet away a knot of exercise boys stood watching her. "That one could win breezing," said one from a safe, reverent distance.

The blonde was Josephine Abercrombie of Houston, Texas, part owner of Pin Oak Farms, one of the country's leading horsewomen, and, since the retirement of Native Dancer, possibly Belmont's stellar attraction on these crisp fall days. Although she is only 16 hands high, like The Dancer, Miss Abercrombie is handsomely configured, stands superbly, and is rumored to have a bank account that runs into eight figures.

A NIGHT OF REVELRY

It was 6:25 a.m. and the lady in question should have been sleeping off a night of revelry instead of clocking the workout of Bless Pat, one of the 18 thoroughbreds which she hopes will shortly make Pin Oak a name to conjure with at muted windows from Hialeah to Hollywood Park.

There had been a night of revelry, all right, but Miss Abercrombie had slept it off in exactly 3½ hours. She left the Waldorf's Blue Grass Ball at 2 a.m., slept until 5:30 and drove into Belmont's Stable 42 shortly after six, thus combining the best of two fairly heady worlds. If Miss Abercrombie—"Call me Jo," she said sternly—is the result of burning the candle at both ends, the candlemakers of America should be standing in line for testimonials.

This is her first brush with thorough-

bred racing, although she fell in love with her first horse when she was four years old on her father's 90,000-acre Houston ranch, and has been showing them with blinding (as in silver cup) success since she was six, some 22 years ago.

If she does as well with racers as she has done with show horses, mutual windows from coast to coast should be glugged with Pin Oak bettors. At the National Horse Show at Madison Square Garden a year ago, for example, Miss Abercrombie, wearing a black satin dress designed by Charles James, took 10 out of 11 firsts in the harness-pony classes, and added two more harness-horse blues to the award-studded Abercrombie scutcheon. She also won the American Horse Shows Association Award for the leading harness pony in the U.S. in 1953 with Glenholme Troubadour, and this year took the Fine Harness Horse championship at Louisville with Parading Lady.

This staggering success story is perhaps the main reason that she will be missing from the line-up when the 66th horse show opens at the Garden next week (p. 36-37). "I've proved myself

with show horses," she said diffidently, "but I'm a real greenhorn at this racing business and I'd like to see what I can do with it."

Miss Abercrombie pushed back a strand of blonde hair and dropped her stop watch in the process. Three stableboys dived for it and she grinned at them apologetically. "The first time I used this thing I didn't know how to start it," she said, brushing the watch off tenderly. "The second day I couldn't stop it, and the third day out I lost it. But I'm learning. . . ."

Pin Oak Farms, which she owns in partnership with her Uncle Bob Abercrombie and two Houston contractors, William A. Smith and Herman Brown, is barely a year old and is still relatively unknown, but stable scoop says it won't be for long.

"It may not be the easiest way to get into racing," she said, keeping an eye on Bless Pat coming into the stretch. "But I think it's the most exciting, especially if you can bid in the offspring of good sires and dams."

INDIGENOUS AS A BLUEBONNET

Since she paid \$44,000 for a yearling at this year's Keeneland sales, this last is a classic example of Abercrombie understatement, a literary quality not generally associated with the Lone Star set. In fact Miss Aber—er, Jo's—modesty would be notable even in a non-Texas. Although she is as indigenous as a bluebonnet, she is—upon first meeting—almost retiring, with a contempt for flamboyance that makes Garbo seem gaudy.

She pales at the mention of money, reddens at the words "Edna Ferber" and took to her bed at the Hotel Pierre during a recent visit when a gossip columnist reported her weekly

continued on page 35

THE HORSE SHOW

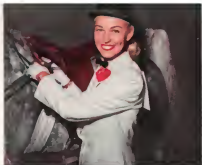
Although Miss Abercrombie, having conquered the field last year, will not compete in the National Horse Show in New York this year, a number of handsome equestriennes will be on hand. Some of them are shown in color on page 34. An account of the show itself, illustrated with sketches by Ego Mochi, and supplemented by a close-up of a Cinderella horse, appears on pages 36-38.



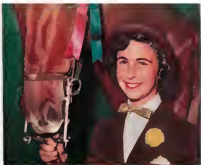
WINNING SMILE is flashed by 23-year-old Josephine Abercrombie, one of the nation's leading horse-show exhibitors, shown

here at the reins of her Viceroy Hackney. She was awarded 12 out of 13 blue ribbons at last year's National Horse Show.

FOR MORE PORTRAITS OF SHOW-RING BEAUTIES TURN THE PAGE



JOAN ROBINSON, 23, of Houston, Texas, is one of the Midwest's top amateur riders who has already won six championships this year with her five-gaited gray mare Beloved Belinda.



JANICE WEITZ of White Plains, N.Y., is a veteran horsewoman although only 15 years old. One of the East's most promising junior riders, she will be entered in the National Show this year.



SALLY REDDIG, 16, of Cleveland, Ohio, shows her own three- and five-gaited horses and is a match for even the toughest professional. She hopes to win new honors at the New York event.



SARAH BENTON, 17, of Buffalo, N.Y., won American Horse Show Association Medal Class at Buffalo last spring and became eligible to compete in the Madison Square Garden Show.



ELAINE SMITH, a 19-year-old college girl from Orange, Conn., has ridden at the National on open jumpers as a junior and will ride in adult classes this year on her horse Junior Prom.



JOANNE LINK, 20, of Westwood, N.J., is a three-time winner of the Manville Amateur Victory Trophy. She will take her horse Topsy Turvy into competition again at this year's National Show.



AS AN OWNER, Miss Abercrombie joins Jockey Bennie Green in stall at Belmont Park to check on a filly named Light Note, one of the 18 thoroughbreds in Pin Oak stable.

allowance to be \$25,000 ("absolutely fantastic"). Even her Cadillac is old, nonair-conditioned, and hard-topped—"Daddy says it's had enough worrying about a horse turning over on me without worrying about a convertible, too."

She is one of the few Abercrombies extant not associated with Fitch, although fun-loving friends try to promote unions with young men y-clefit Fitch any time they can find one. Her father, James Smathers Abercrombie but known everywhere as Jim, is one of the quieter Houston oilmen, and Mrs. Abercrombie is a warm, unpretentious woman of wit and charm. The remarkable size of the personal Abercrombie fortune, which is reputed to be in excess of 50 million dollars, is in inverse ratio to the down-to-earth simplicity of their only child.

A MINORITY OPINION

Miss Abercrombie constantly ducks photographers because she honestly doesn't think she's pretty, which is strictly a minority opinion. Actually, she has gentian-blue eyes under wide, brown brows, ash-blond hair pulled into a chaste knot at the nape of her apparently unbreakable neck and, in or out of jodphurs, a flair for clothes. She stands 5'4" in her seamless-stockinged feet, weighs in at a well-distributed 114 and never diets—"I substitute riding, shopping, danc-

ing and worrying." She was an ardent skier until she broke her leg in 17 places at Sun Valley a year ago on November 13th, a Friday. She still has five silver screws in it, which don't interfere at all with her dancing.

An extremist, she is happiest in either blue jeans or ball gowns with skirts as wide as the standard nightclub dance floor. She likes to dance all night or retire at 6 p.m. with milk, graham crackers and a new novel. She discusses bloodlines and breeding with the same enthusiasm other members of her sex accord mixed canastas, and considers racing a serious financial venture. She never bets, and is disturbed by people who refuse to believe she is not withholding hot tips. "I don't know any more about it than, say, Bless Pat there," she said, glumly, "and I have yet to make any money at it myself." Bless Pat was named after a Southern expression to which she is much addicted—"Bless Pat if that isn't Bernard Baruch!" she remarked recently during a Park Avenue stroll.

A THRILLING INVESTMENT

The only money she has ever made in her life came from an impulsive investment in *Pajama Game*, the hit Broadway musical. Although this victory thrilled her (she is always calling the show's producers to find why her check is late), she plans no further

plunges. "I am taking my money," she said, heading back to the stable with her long swinging stride, "and going home."

Home is where the horses are: Houston in the winter, Versailles (rhymes with fur sales, another minor hobby), Kentucky in the summer. In Houston she lives 15 minutes away from her family in a remodeled overseer's cottage set among the 80 acres that make up Pin Oak Stables. "I don't know why we called it Pin Oak," she said abstractedly, watching a groom cool out Roman Patrol, who won handily at Belmont two weeks ago. "There isn't a pin oak tree in sight."

She lives alone among a mélange of Louis XVI furniture she brought back from Paris—"pretty stiff for a prairie apartment, but I love it"—with Lona, her cook who has been in the family 20 years, a gardener, a man-of-all-work, nine Hackney ponies and 15 harness mares. Among them is Lady Currihan, who at Louisville recently wrested the five-gaited stakes title from the Dodge Stables for the first time in seven years, a moment which Jo considers one of the high points of her life, up to and including *Pajama Game*.

CHILI OFF THE BARN FLOOR

She claims to be a haphazard housekeeper, but boasts that you can eat chili off the barn floor. The "barn" is a simple Neeman affair consisting of 19 air-conditioned stalls, each one as antiseptic as a maternity ward. She spends a major part of her Houston day in

continued on page 74



AS A RIDER, Miss Abercrombie shows off Lady Lola at 1952 National Horse Show.

THE FIVE-GAITED SADDLE HORSE



THE WALK is foundation of all gaits. Five-gaited horses can be identified by long tail and derby hat worn by rider.



THE TROT is a two-beat gait suitable to all road conditions. Horse's legs work in diagonal pairs.



THE SLOW GAIT is hardest for horse, most comfortable for rider. A four-beat gait, it is done at ambling pace.

ELEGANCE IS THE KEYNOTE OF

AMERICA's biggest equine event, The National Horse Show, which opens its annual eight-day stand next week (Nov. 2-9) in Madison Square Garden, had no more class than a six-day bike race when it was first held in a car barn in 1883. But before long, New York society seized upon the show as the place to display its costliest finery, and since the 90s it has been an event in which the blood of both horses and onlookers is likely to be blue.

Yearly, for seven decades, the National has climaxed the thousands of smaller horse shows held across the country, and has brought together in final competition some of the best horses and riders. Most thrilling event, which thousands will also be watching on TV this year, is always the international jumping competition, in which foreign horses and riders challenge the best our country can produce.

This year Spain is sending a jumping team for the first time since 1926, and West Germany, believed to have one of the best teams in the world, will make its first visit since 1930. The participation of such high-caliber horses and riders has lured Brig. Gen. Humberto Mariles and his Mexican army team back into Garden competition. A contingent

from Canada also will compete for international jumping honors. Arthur McCashin of Plackemin, N.J. and William Steinkraus of Westport, Conn., both of whom rode on the U.S. team which placed third at the 1952 Olympics, will again represent their country, aided by a newcomer, 22-year-old Charles Denny of Lake Forest, Ill.

The absence of Mrs. Carol Durand, the Kansas City housewife who has been a member of the U.S. equine entry for the past four years, and the glamorous Josephine Abercrombie, who won 12 out of the 13 harness events she entered at last year's National, may make next week's event an even more competitive affair among the ladies.

HUNTERS, JUMPERS AND SADDLE HORSES

In addition to the international competition, scores of U.S. riders will display their hunters and jumpers in obstacle events. In the saddle horse division, three- and five-gaited horses (*above*), high-stepping aristocrats, majestic and brilliantly turned out, will be judged on manners, quality and performance. Fine harness horses, carrying a full mane and tail and hitched by light harness to four-wheeled



FINE HARNESS HORSE draws light four-wheeler.



HARNESS PONY TANDEM, gig should be driven by a man.



THE RACK is four-beat gait done at speed. It is an acquired step and is difficult for a horse to do.



THE CANTER is three-beat rolling gait, shows horse at its majestic best. It is performed under restraint.

THE HORSE SHOW

rubber-tired wagons, will trot and turn before the judges, as will heavy harness horses and Hackney ponies, the latter well known for high action with their front and hind legs.

Leading contender in the \$2,000 Jumper Stake is the Wee-3 Stable's Andante. Albert Merck's Grey Dawn and My Mighty Mae, owned by Sunny Side Riding Academy of Paramus, N.J., will be top challengers for the professional horsemen's trophy.

MEADOW PRINCESS AND SEAN GYPSY

In the three-gaited saddle horse division, Meadow Princess, a chestnut mare owned by the Dodge Stables and 1953 champion, is the horse to watch, as is Beau Gypsy, owned by Delaine Farm, Pa., in the five-gaited event. Adding to the splendor of this year's show will be an exhibition in dressage by Mrs. Lis Hartel of Denmark, who captured second place at the last Olympic Games.

Of the thousands of people who attend the National, many go to be seen instead of to see. But even in competition with dazzling society, high fashion and stars of stage and TV, the horses have so far been able to hold their own.



ROADSTER is trot of show ring and is shown with buggy.

CINDERELLA HORSE



OF ALL the championship horses competing at next week's National Horse Show, only one—a beautiful 7-year-old bay gelding called The Angel—has the dubious distinction of having once been consigned to the abattoir as meat for minks. Named Conformation Hunter of the Year in 1953, The Angel will be the horse to beat in its class at this year's show. Today, standing a muscular 16.3 hands, his coat gleaming like polished mahogany, his classic head proudly erect, The Angel looks every inch a champion.

EIGHT MONTHS' INCARCERATION

Yet unbelievable as it may seem, this horse was not so long ago led blind and crippled, a mere skeleton frame of a beast, from a dark, nailed-up stall where it had been incarcerated for eight months. Foaled in the spring of 1947 by Which Mate out of the half-bred mare Angelica, on a farm in the Genesee Valley, N.Y., the colt was boarded out with a nearby dairy farmer as soon as it was weaned, with the understanding that the owner would look after it. About eight months later, Bob Greer, of Genesee, N.Y., visited the barn while picking up milk and was almost overpowered by a penetrating odor of ammonia and rotting manure. Investigating, he saw a horse sticking its nose over the high boards of a small, cramped, lightless box stall in a corner. A closer look showed it was a small bay yearling, its matted coat stretched tight over a bony skeleton.

Inquiring about the animal, Greer was horrified to learn that it was brought there as a weanling and hadn't been out of the stall since. The farmer "had no use for it," the owner had never come for it, and as

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Weight—45 lbs.
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CINDERELLA HORSE *continues*

the months passed and the manure rose in the stall, boards were nailed over the door to keep the animal in.

The farmer told Greer he was about to send the colt to a local mink farm for meat because he thought it was blind. Greer told Dr. Joe O'Dea, a local veterinarian, about the colt's pitiable condition. On his next trip to the farm he bought the colt for \$10 for Dr. O'Dea. Helped by friends, he got the horse out after knocking down a side of the stall. It was in terrible condition, hardly able to walk and seemingly blind. "Its hooves were each 13 inches long and resembled short skis," said Dr. O'Dea. "It was stall blind, but the eyes were otherwise sound. Its coat was matted and urine-burned. But the bones were not impaired."

Under the care of Dr. O'Dea and the Kelley Stables the colt responded. Its eyesight returned to normal and with proper feed and exercise it was in good enough shape five months later to be sold to Mrs. Reginald B. Taylor, of Williamsville, N.Y.

"I was shown this colt while looking for hunter prospects," says Mrs. Taylor, "and although he was only a yearling he was already impressive. There was the look of eagles about him—an air



CAROL KELLEY JUMPS THE ANGEL

of alertness—and I couldn't get him out of my mind. So I finally bought him."

Mrs. Taylor named him The Angel, and her horseman, Patrick Leather, broke and schooled him. He soon showed he had a tremendous jump by hurling himself over the paddock fence every time they put him in it. Horsemen shook their heads and said he was "too leggy," "couldn't jump" and "a maniac." But Mrs. Taylor liked him and later gave him to Bob Dygert, a trainer, to get him started hunting.

Mrs. Taylor kept The Angel for three years until he became too big and strong for her to handle in the hunting field. In May 1952, Dave Kelley, trainer and manager of Mr. Leon Haymond's Wee-3 Stables bought him for his boss. Since then The Angel has racked up a tremendous show-ring record and his value is set at over \$10,000.

SPORT IN ART



RIGHT TO THE JAW

BOXERS IN BRONZE

MAHONRI YOUNG, one of America's best known contemporary artists, is a man of prolific talents. Since beginning his creative artistic output at the turn of the century he has produced a staggering total of sculptures, paintings, carvings and etchings. This grandson of Brigham Young, born in Salt Lake City in 1877, the year that his illustrious grandfather died, has been a stalwart and sturdy recorder of the American scene, uninfluenced by "fads." Among his most famous works are his bronzes of prize-fighters, two of which are shown here. Boxing is one of Young's enthusiasms and the powerful yet sensitive handling of these sculptures shows it.

COURTESY OF THE KRUSHAAR GALLERIES



THE KNOCKDOWN

For Super-Traction and Extra Equip Your Car with *New All-Season.*



GREATER GRIPPING ON ICE

The new Firestone Town and Country Tire has an exclusive tread which contains many thousands of almost invisible Traction Grips. This tread is wider and flatter, so that more of these Traction Grips are continuously in contact with the road. In addition, the big, tough, over-lapping traction blocks have thousands of sharp-edged angles and they are designed to resist side-skidding. This exclusive combination of features cannot be found in any other tire.



BETTER TRACTION IN SNOW

When the snow is deep and soft and the going is tough, the exclusive tread of the Firestone Town and Country Tire, with its thousands of sharp traction edges, penetrates and bites into the snow to give you super-traction. The spaces between the traction blocks are wide and deep . . . as the wheels of your car revolve, centrifugal force throws the snow out of these spaces with a self-cleaning action, keeping the spaces from filling up or packing down with snow.



EXTRA SAFETY IN RAIN

Most bad skids occur on wet pavement. Drivers usually are cautious on ice or in snow, but use less care in rain. However, even at normal speeds, the exclusive tread design of the new Firestone Town and Country Tire enables you to come to a safe, sure, straight-line stop on wet pavement without dangerous skidding or side-slipping, because of the thousands of tiny Traction Grips in the tread, the thousands of sharp traction edges and the wider, flatter shape of the tread.



MORE TRACTION IN MUD

The wider, deeper, flatter tread with its extra rugged shoulder elements enables you to pull out of deep mud when you have the new Firestone Town and Country Tires on your car. The sharp-edged traction blocks dig in and give you pulling power and the wide spaces between the traction blocks are scientifically designed to exert mud as the tire revolves, a self-cleaning action which keeps the tire from bulging up or becoming smooth from mud packing in the tread spaces.



SMOOTHER, QUIETER RIDE

The continuous tread design, with its over-lapping traction blocks, assures freedom from the excessive and annoying bumping, thumping and rumbling often found in other traction tires. Super-Balloon construction absorbs shocks and makes the new Firestone Town and Country the easiest riding traction tire made. This exclusive tread design also minimizes noise, preventing the grating whine made by most winter tires on wet pavements.



LONGER, DEPENDABLE MILEAGE

The exclusive tread of the Firestone Town and Country Tire is continuous, has over-lapping traction blocks, and is made of rubber which is specially compounded to give utmost resistance to wear. This is a most important feature, because in most parts of the country there are many days during the fall, winter and spring when roads are dry, causing most traction tires to wear down so quickly that they lose their traction effect and soon become dangerously smooth.

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RUN QUIETER THAN ANY OTHER TRACTION TIRES**

NOW AT LAST you can get tires that give you the super-traction and extra safety you want and need for bad-weather driving without disadvantages of quick wear on dry pavements, irritating jiggling and bumping, and annoying whine and squeal usually found in traction tires.

Firestone Town and Country Tires are the **FIRST** and **ONLY** tires made with a scientifically-designed tread which not only assures safer driving on ice, in snow, in rain and in mud, but also runs smoothly and quietly and matches the mileage of conventional tires on dry roads. This is important . . . because in most parts of the country there are many days during the fall, winter and spring when streets and highways are dry and ordinary traction tires wear down quickly and lose their traction. But specially-compounded rubber and over-lapping elements in the Firestone Town and Country tread assure longer mileage.

So go to your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store and prepare for bad weather ahead by equipping your car with new all-season Firestone Town and Country Tires, the **ONLY** tires that give you comfortable riding, quiet operation and long mileage as well as super-traction and extra safety. You can buy them on convenient budget terms if you desire.



BUSINESS AT FIRESTONE





TWO-YEAR-OLD NASHUA, Belair Stud's exciting bay son of Nacurullah, is shown here rippling his muscles in a four-furlong morning workout at Aqueduct track.

NASHUA'S SIRE AND MR. FITZ

by WHITNEY TOWER

THE two-year-old bay colt pictured on the opposite page during a morning workout may someday succeed Native Dancer as a great American thoroughbred racing champion. His name is Nashua. A mild case of colic (which knocked out the week of training scheduled to prepare him for The Garden State last week forced his retirement for the season. Nashua, nevertheless, starts his rest cure with a brilliant record of six victories in eight starts. An even more brilliant future beckons the colt next season when he seeks further honors in the three-year-old classics, including the triple crown: Kentucky Derby, Preakness and Belmont Stakes.

Should Nashua eventually attain turf greatness, his owner, William Woodward, will, like any successful owner, be thankful for exceptionally good racing luck. Moreover, he will be able to pin-point most of the credit where it is due. Nashua has the earmarks of a champion because 1) he is a son of a remarkable 14-year-old stallion named Nasrullah, and 2) Woodward's Belair Stud is most capably trained by a lovable 80-year-old gentleman, who, after half a century as a horse trainer has discovered that racing success and fashionable old age can form a fine combination. His name is James E. (for Edward) Fitzsimmons.

Nasrullah and Mr. Fitz (horsemen also call Fitzsimmons "Sunny Jim," just plain "Fitz," or the "Dean of American Trainers") have little in common—with one exception. Both are virtually at the top in their fields; Nasrullah because he has, after a relatively short career at the stud, stamped himself as a distinguished sire (14 of his first U.S. crop have already won), and Mr. Fitz, because the year 1954 has been his best ever: 87 winners, 17 stakes victories and \$874,357 earned in purses. (In addition to Belair Stud horses, Mr. Fitz trains for Mrs.

Whitney Stone, Ogden Phipps and the Wheatley Stables owned by Mrs. Henry Carnegie Phipps.)

The personal relationship between Nasrullah and Mr. Fitz extends no further than a vague meeting between the two when Nasrullah was brought to America in 1950. If Nasrullah has a retentive memory for faces, he possibly recalls the meeting. Mr. Fitz doesn't. "I may have seen him when he came off the boat," he says. "But I knew he was a good sire then. He's certainly one of the best now." Experts usually hesitate to judge a stallion's position in the unpredictable science of race-horse breeding. In Nasrullah's case, however, the verdict is almost unanimous: he's amazing. After a decade at the stud, first in England, then Ireland and finally in this country, he

has ranked as one of the top sires since 1949. In England he led the sire list in 1951, was second in 1952 and 1953. This year he is No. 2 in England again (behind Hyperion), America's leading sire of two-year-olds. With his first American crop (including Nashua) in competition, Nasrullah is already in fifth position among all sires in North America—trailing only such proven stallions as Heliopolis, Alibhai, Revoked and Bull Lea in earnings. At the spring yearling sales at Keeneland, a Nasrullah colt out of Lurline B. was sold for \$86,000 (\$1, Aug. 23)—a record for U.S. yearling auction history.

A son of Nearco (who was unbeaten in 14 starts) out of a Blenheim II mare, Nasrullah has been in the limelight since he was foaled at the Aga Khan's farm in County Kildare, Ireland in

NASRULLAH'S FIRST U.S. CROP IS A WINNING ONE

Of 31 registered 1952 foals, 14 have already finished first

2-year old	Dam	Starts	Wins	Stakes	Amount	
Nashua	Segula	8	6	4	\$192,865	
Delta	Bourton	7	4	2	183,890	
Blue Ruler	Blue Grass	7	4	2	79,425	
Lee Lark	Lee Lark	8	4	3	69,067	
Flying Fury	Stoly	5	2	1	27,700	
Courtesy	*Highway Code	9	2		10,550	
Jean's Joe	Pocket Edition	6	1		8,500	
Nasrulline	Her Call	5	1		4,270	
Natasha	Vagrancy	4	1		3,900	
Colleen	Wingtip	12	1		3,780	
Fair Ruler	Fair Weather	5	1		3,275	
Queen Nasra	Bayborough	4	1		3,000	
Masdi	Golden Apple	7	1		2,275	
Inseculant	Gala Belle	2	1		2,100	
* Imported Thoroughbred		TOTALS	89	30	12	\$574,597

Nasrullah winners: First Power (\$1,000), Potash (\$400), Eastern Hot Blood, Independence, Maple Mare, Railroad, Rule Again, Smoky Smiley.
Nonstarters: Beka, Highland Heart, Indian Wave, King Beecher, Monarchs, Raker, Rascals, Noddy.

1940. Ever under the handling of jockey Sir Gordon Richards, Nasrullah demonstrated an unruly temperament (which he still has) during his English racing career. "He was very, very difficult to ride," says Richards, who blamed part of Nasrullah's irritability on racing's wartime restrictions which forced many horses to compete at one track for such a long time that they literally became bored with the whole business. Bored or not, Nasrullah finished his only two racing seasons with five wins in 10 starts and winnings of \$15,263. The Aga Khan, however, was in doubt about retaining a "difficult" horse despite Nasrullah's classic distance breeding which marked him as a potentially fine sire. Then Joseph McGrath, an Irish breeder, offered a reported \$50,000 for Nasrullah. The Aga Khan bid his unruly colt farewell. "It may have been," says Kentucky breeder Dr. Edie Asbury, "the only major mistake the Aga Khan ever made."

NO MISTAKES FOR McGRATH

The transaction was clearly no mistake for Irishman McGrath. During six years at his Brownstone Stud at Curragh, Nasrullah's fame started to grow. Out of his first crop (in 1945) came Nathoo, Golestan and the amazing Noor who, while racing in the U.S. in 1950, hung four straight defeats on Citation. A year before the Noor-Citation rivalry made Americans Nasrullah-conscious, McGrath had been approached by an American syndicate headed by Arthur B. (Bull) Hancock Jr. Their goal: to bring Nasrullah to the U.S. The price: \$369,000. Why would McGrath ever allow his prize stallion to get away? "There were really two answers to that," says Hancock. "First, it had become fashionable for European owners to sell top stallions to this country because they knew we could pay top prices. Secondly, stud fees and purses are generally far lower in Europe than here. In Ireland, Nasrullah was standing for a fee of \$1,120 (compared to \$5,000 fee now for such desirable stallions standing in the U.S. as Bull Lea, Mahmoud, Heliopolis—and Nasrullah for those not in the 14-man syndicate, who automatically try to keep his book full for each of the 34 annual available services). McGrath could see immediately that he would have to breed Nasrullah to an amazing number of mares in order to realize the kind of profit we were offering him in one fell swoop."

McGrath, like the Aga Khan before him, sold—and Nasrullah crossed the Atlantic in 1950. It was the first time

that one of the first three stallions on the English sire list was imported to the U.S. Since then he has achieved further stature as one of only five horses in history to sire winners of the five English classics: Never Say Die won two of them this year; the English-Derby and St. Leger. Nasrullah's other big U.S. 1954 winner besides Nashua is Delta, a good bet to be crowned queen of the juvenile fillies.

If Nasrullah's record as a sire of stakes winners is approaching the remarkable, the achievements of Mr. Fitz as a trainer are even more noteworthy. Since saddling his first winner in 1900, he has seen colors of his employers flash home first 1,838 times to earn the staggering sum of \$7,028,608. Today Mr. Fitz recalls much to stir up sentimental memories among people who believe, as he does, that life around the race track is about as satisfactory a life as man could dream for. "It takes more than money or brains to hit racing's jackpot," says Mr. Fitz with typical modesty. "It's still 75% luck—having the right horses and the right bosses. The trainer is important only in that he must have sense enough to develop the good qualities in a horse, not kill them."

Developing the good in horses is a Fitzsimmons trade-mark. He won't, however, rate his best performers in any order except by ages. He thinks

Dice was his best two-year-old (of Nashua he says, with some reservation, "He is probably the best around, but he can't make many mistakes and beat the others"), Gallant Fox his top three-year-old and Diavolo tops in the handicapper division. The best horse he ever saw? "I think it was Exterminator—he could do everything." The races he remembers most vividly? "Gallant Fox winning the Belmont and Man o' War's lone defeat—by Upset in the Sanford Memorial Stakes of 1919. It was one of the few times in my life I ever bet \$100. I bet on Man o' War."

The luck which Mr. Fitz says plays such a vital role in racing also played, it seems, an even more vital role in his own career. After a few frustrating seasons as an 85-pound jockey around the eastern tracks in the 1890s, young Fitz was hustling for rides and eating money with steadily diminishing success. His mother-in-law stepped into the picture in 1900 and told the lean youngster that she had arranged a steady job for him as a motorman on a Philadelphia trolley. "You don't think," says Fitz today, "that I would have lived 80 years by driving one of those things, do you?" On the day he was scheduled to report for his first run, he chanced to meet a friend, Hugh Hodges, who was then training for Colonel Edward deV. Morrell. Hodges offered the young man a job, and from then on horses—not

continued on page 66



AT CLAIBORNE FARM, NASRULLAH HAS THE HAUGHTY LOOK OF A SUCCESSFUL SIRE

FITZSIMMONS-TRAINED HORSES HAVE WON \$7,028,608



THE UNSUCCESSFUL JOCKEY

YEAR	WINS	AMOUNT	YEAR	WINS	AMOUNT
1907	15	\$ 9,500	1931	25	\$ 74,183
1908	18	10,895	1932	68	166,450
1909	10	4,945	1933	44	86,145
1910	22	11,490	1934	48	120,156
1911	24	11,632	1935	34	197,490
1912	42	20,111	1936	42	193,415
1913	25	15,420	1937	30	93,990
1914	44	28,975	1938	51	152,745
1915	51	27,890	1939	45	266,205
1916	29	19,530	1940	43	175,480
1917	26	22,837	1941	40	202,755
1918	44	42,777	1942	45	190,305
1919	29	38,287	1943	38	146,498
1920	50	76,475	1944	52	299,233
1921	40	111,351	1945	32	166,770
1922	28	95,319	1946	61	350,735
1923	20	41,346	1947	46	231,095
1924	26	107,400	1948	47	245,980
1925	21	79,765	1949	40	197,847
1926	27	51,535	1950	45	195,410
1927	34	132,070	1951	49	287,545
1928	8	50,125	1952	50	308,405
1929	39	198,413	1953	57	407,590
1930	47	397,355	1954	87	874,357

TOTALS: 1,838 \$7,028,608

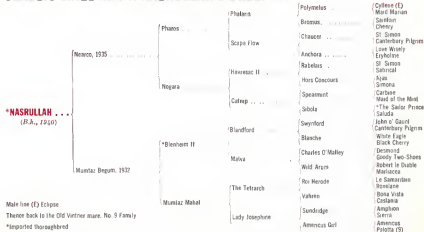


THE TRAINER OF TODAY

JAMES EDWARD FITZSIMMONS was nearly forced into a motorman's job on a Philadelphia trolley. Instead he stuck to

the thoroughbreds he loved so well. After half a century of racing, Fitz has no intention of calling it quits while he's ahead.

CLASSIC LINES MARK NASRULLAH'S BREEDING



HOW TO CHALLENGE THE

In the remote wilderness area of Idaho hunters "bugle" to get an elk into the open. Done properly, this imitation of one bull challenging another to fight brings the game on the run and ready to do battle



BUGLING ELK, IN A RARE PHOTO, IS CAUGHT ON A GRASSY MOUNTAIN MEADOW

THE tent was a lone white dot in a tremendous sweep of country. Far to the east we could see the rugged crest of the Bitterroots, the Continental Divide and the boundary between Idaho and Montana. Behind, and 500 feet above, was the ridge over which our packer had disappeared two hours before, leaving Dan Holland and me and our camp outfit on a little bench nestled against the side of the mountain. Immediately below, the mountain dropped away until the lodgepole pines that carpeted its floor along the Clearwater River fork were half lost in the blue haze of distance.

This country is as untouched as any within the United States. Later we hunted into the bottom of the basin, and the only signs of man that we saw there were ancient blazes on the trees along a trail laid out by Lloyd Magruder between Elk City, Idaho and Virginia City, Mont. He was robbed and murdered not far from here on his way to Elk City in October 1863.

Now as we stood in the gathering dusk, realizing for the first time the wildness and remoteness of the country in which we were to hunt for elk, we were a little awed. We were standing quietly at the edge of our bench looking away into the depths below, when there came the clear ringing notes of a hulk elk "bugling."

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,

Blow bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

It was fierce, wild and utterly thrilling. And as the notes died away, it was repeated from other corners of the basin until the whole valley fairly rang. Finally the last piercing blasts were gone. It became utterly quiet. Then in the extreme distance the clear notes

text continued on page 49

SCANNING THE PINES. a hunter searches for elk. By day they may be bedded down in thick, concealing cover.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TED AND ELLEN TRUEBLOOD

BULL ELK

by TED TRUEBLOOD



PACKING SUPPLIES, horses and mules wind through the woods. Pack train will return for hunters on prearranged date.





PITCHING TENT. hunters settle in a forest glade of wilderness country 30 miles from the nearest road.



MARK OF THE ELK is shredded bark of a tree which it scarred by polishing antlers.

WONDERFUL PAY-OFF FOR AUTHOR TRUEBLOO (APPROACHING) IS THIS BULL DOWNED AMONG LOGPOLE PINES





THE AUTHOR BUGLES above a wooded valley where he believes some elk are sheltered. His homemade bugle (upper right) is easy to duplicate. It is essentially a piece of $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch galvanized iron pipe 12 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches long, patterned after the willow whistles that country kids make. A hardwood plug 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches long is held in place by a screw at one end of the bugle. An eighth inch must be planed from the top of the plug to permit passage of air. This, of course, is the bugle's blowing end. A notch must

be sawed or filed in this end of the pipe to make an opening one-quarter inch wide and $\frac{1}{16}$ of an inch long, square toward the mouthpiece as shown above. Tuning is accomplished by sliding the plug back and forth until the tone is exactly right, then fastening it in place with the screw. The call should give four clear notes, mounting higher as the breath is increased. Bugle-makers who have never heard an elk can hear authentic bugling in Disney's *The Olympic Elk*.

BULL ELK *continued*

of a lone call resounded. As they died away, the challenge was taken up again by another and yet another, until once more the basin before us rang with the wild, piercing challenge of the bull elk in mating season.

In the distance the call of a bull elk has a musical quality. At closer range, it is very shrill and piercing. It begins on a low note and then goes, step by step, up through three more. The fourth and last is drawn out much longer than the others. Sometimes it is almost a long, hoarse scream. If you are close enough you can hear a hissing release of breath at its conclusion. A few seconds afterward, the bull usually grunts two or three times.

FROM PLAINS TO MOUNTAINS

Originally elk ranged from the Dakotas westward and they were primarily a plains animal. The settling of the western valleys and the fencing of the range, however, pushed them back into the mountains. Now some of the best elk country in Idaho is along the Lolo Trail where Lewis and Clark nearly starved in 1805. At that time the elk were not in the mountains.

Elk seldom live in close proximity to man. It is not unusual to see a deer or a moose from the highway but one hardly ever sees an elk near civiliza-

tion, except during extremely hard winters when they are forced to accept food from their enemies of the hunting season.

Calling elk is much different from calling moose. To call a moose, you imitate a cow who is letting the world know that she desires a male companion. When you call elk, however, you imitate the ringing challenge of a bull. Your quarry comes—if he accepts—with head up, mane erect. He's ready for a fight, alert and fierce.

A friend of mine was exchanging challenges with three bulls in a mountain valley. One was down it, one up and one directly across. He would blow his bugle, wait awhile, and they would answer. This continued for half an hour, but the bulls would not come closer. Finally, when he was on the point of giving up, he heard a twig snap behind him. He looked around and there stood a magnificent bull, so close that it was almost peering down his collar. It had approached without a sound.

Today elk are found in most of the western states. Montana, Wyoming and Idaho probably have the greatest number, although most of the others have either regular open seasons or else occasional hunts on a drawing basis.

Elk are much larger than mule deer

but smaller than moose. The books say that a mature bull elk may weigh as much as 1,100 pounds. I have never seen one that big. An 800-pound bull is a big one and the majority are not so large. Cows probably weigh two-thirds as much.

WILDER THAN DEER

In the country where I hunt elk each fall, there are also mule deer and whitetails. Whitetail deer are notoriously clever, yet, despite their greater size, it is more difficult to see an elk of either sex here than it is a whitetail deer. Not only are elk wilder than any deer, they are, in my opinion, equally adept at skulking away unseen and unheard. We see mule deer nearly every day when we're hunting, whitetails perhaps every other day and elk only occasionally.

Of course, in all fairness to the whitetail, I must admit that part of the reason for this lies in the nature of the two animals. When you scare a deer, he may run as far as a half mile and hide. But when you thoroughly frighten an elk he probably will keep going until he has put five miles behind him. We discovered long ago that it usually is futile to follow the trail of a band of frightened elk.

Because of their extreme wildness

continued on next page

and the rugged nature of the country they inhabit, the possession of a "bugle"—and the ability to use it—is a tremendous help in hunting them.

I rather feel that using a call is taking advantage of many kinds of game. When a flock of ducks trustingly led down to the inducements of a good man with a call, they arouse my sympathy. Not so with elk. The bulls are so clever, and their ability in the woods is so superior to that of man, that his skillful use of an elk bugle does little more than even the odds. Furthermore, if he is after a trophy, a bugle will show him many more bulls than he ever could see without it. Even though they may not come, their answers to his challenges will tell him where they are.

One fall day several years ago, a friend and I crept carefully over the ridge along one side of a little basin. There we saw five elk lying on the moist earth in the shade of a clump of fir trees. They were all cows. The wind was in our favor and they had not heard our approach so they were unalarmed. I raised my bugle and sent a challenge ringing.

The cows paid little attention. Everything was quiet. Then, after a wait of nearly a minute, I had an answer. Two hundred yards down the hillside the herd bull served notice that he would be right back to whip the intruder. I waited, then blew once more and this time I got an immediate reply. He was closer.

SURROUNDED BY ELK

To our surprise, then we heard a second bull. He was a quarter of a mile away around the hillside. No sooner had his call died out than yet a third broke in. He was above us.

I called once more. The herd bull answered. The one above us answered. The one out around the hillside answered, and they were all closer. The herd bull was approaching rapidly now. We could hear him crashing along the creek below the basin where the cows were lying down. Three bull elk were coming and we were in the middle.

The cows began to show interest. Two or three of them got to their feet. One began to utter a peculiar doglike bark.

The old bull below went wild. He was ready to fight. His bugling now took on the quality of hoarse screaming as he crashed upward through the brush, coughing and grunting. He would be there first, but the bull above us and the one out around the sidehill were also getting closer, bugling excitedly as they came.

There was no need for me to bugle now. The bulls were mad and they were coming. It looked as though we were going to witness something that I had always wanted to see—a fight between two bull elk. Furthermore, one of us for sure, and possibly both, should have his trophy within a matter of minutes.

The cows were all standing now. The three bulls were still coming. The herd bull was only 75 yards away but he was still out of sight behind the screen of brush along the creek. The other two were a little farther, but both of them, judging from the sound, were already within range. It was just a matter of seconds until we could see them.

Then the wind changed. It was just a gentle little breeze that had been caressing our faces. Suddenly and inexplicably it reversed its direction and blew down toward the five cow elk in the basin. Instantly their heads shot up. As though by magic, all sounds of the approaching bulls ceased. The cows began to move away, not running but at a brisk walk. We watched them go for 200 yards through a stand of scattered lodgepole pines before they finally disappeared. We neither saw nor heard the bulls again.

One autumn we did not get to go elk hunting until the bulls apparently were through bugling. I carried my bugle for seven days straight. I blew it occasionally but never got an answer. Finally I left it in camp.

That morning, when I was no more than a mile out, I picked up the trail of a band of elk in the fresh snow. I followed it for a couple of hours and finally saw that it disappeared into a dense thicket of fir. I felt sure the elk that had made the tracks were still there. This was an ideal spot for them to spend the day, since they customarily feed at night and then seek out some dense cover during daylight.

THE POP OF A TWIG

I approached the spruce pocket from the downwind side. It was very dense but I thought that perhaps if I came in on the hill above it I would be able to look down among the trees and see the elk. Unfortunately, just as I was almost close enough, I stepped on a twig beneath the snow and it snapped with a loud pop.

Immediately the ringing challenge of a bull elk came up out of the spruce. The herd bull had heard the twig and thought the sound was made by another bull. He was ready to do battle.

Without my bugle, I could only stand perfectly motionless. He bugled again. Since there was no answer after his second challenge he became suspicious. I heard him start his ha-rem away. I saw brown bodies moving beneath the fir branches but I couldn't see any of them well enough to shoot. If I'd had my bugle along I'd have killed elk that fall.



YOU SHOULD KNOW:

If you are going hunting

Sequel

LAST WEEK we tried to give you an idea of how to prepare for the hunt. In this space, we propose to tell you where, when, what, with whom and how to do your hunting. Trusting by now that you're properly clothed, equipped and trained in gun firing and safety, let's take to the field.

Public land

When you get your hunting license, you'll receive a list of regulations for the state in which the license is valid. Usually included is a list of all county and state lands open for hunting. If in doubt about any area, consult your state game commission or local game warden. For sheer abundance of big game, the national forests are best. The U.S. Forest Service can give you details on these lands. No special hunting charges or licenses apply to these forests, but you must have a state license, and state laws on seasons and limits generally apply. Don't confuse national forests with national parks, where hunting is prohibited.

Private land

When permission is requested, many private landowners will open their property to hunters. Most farmers welcome hunters to shoot the predators that may roam their land, damaging crops and livestock. Remember to be considerate of this land or you may find it closed to hunting next time. There are also many private shooting clubs that maintain well-stocked lands for hunting. Most of these are too expensive for the average man, but for the beginner who can afford it, they are an ideal spot for training.

Preserves and refuges

Preserves are becoming increasingly popular because they provide good hunting at low cost. Many are located within 50 miles of big cities. Birds are generally pen-raised and planted in a specific area for the hunter. Fees are charged per bird planted whether or not the hunter shoots it. These average around \$5 a bird. Many preserves also offer guides, dogs and even firearms at nominal cost. Parts of wildlife refuges in many states are also opened to hunters. Utah, North Carolina, Montana, Idaho, California, Arizona, Nevada, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Washington, Michigan, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Wyoming and Kentucky all provide public shooting under special regulations. Local game officials can give you details.

Rabbits and squirrels

Rabbits and squirrels are good for beginners. They're comparatively easy to shoot. You just can't shoot rabbits into extinction; they multiply too quickly. Rabbits feed heavily at night. You'll find them on the move in early morning or late afternoon. They usually stick to paths they make. Wait at a path intersection for best results, having your partner walk along the path toward you—and be careful not to shoot him by mistake. Hunt the lee side of hills, ravines and bushy cover, with the wind blowing toward you. Kick brush piles to rout out the rabbits. Diseased rabbits move slowly. When you shoot one, bury it without touching with your bare hands. For squirrels, hunt from daybreak to just after sunset for best results. Find a squirrel's tree home and hide out of sight nearby. A crisp, clear, quiet morning is best for squirrels.

Land birds

If you're shooting upland game birds, you'll find pheasants early in the morning along the roadsides picking up gravel to grind their food with. Don't try fields until late afternoon. Pheasants fly swiftly and must be led when shooting. Grouse fly more slowly and require a smaller lead. You can shoot predator crows and make a big hit with farmers. Crows hang out in corn and wheat fields. They are alert and will see you before you see them. Circle a flock of crows and hide in the best cover possible. A crow call or stuffed owl placed in a tree will draw them within range.

continued on next page

YOU SHOULD KNOW continued

Migratory fowl

Ducks, geese, rails, gallinules, mourning doves, jacksnipe and woodcock are regulated as to season by federal, not state, law. If state agencies can't supply the federal rules, write to the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, Washington, D.C. You'll find that surface-feeding ducks such as blacks, mallards, baldpates, teals and pintails come into ponds, puddles and sloughs among trees, while buffleheads, canvasbacks, ringnecks, goldeneyes and other diving ducks prefer open water. Decoys and calls are recommended to attract ducks. Inexperienced duck hunters usually shoot too soon. Never fire at more than 60 yards. Your best range is 30 to 35 yards when you can see the duck's colors.

* * *

Big game

Deer, the most popular big game quarry, are to be found in most states. You'll have to learn how to stalk a deer. Wherever possible, move against the wind to avoid giving away your scent. Avoid scented lotions, tonics or soaps when hunting. Move slowly, look in all directions and pause frequently. A good woodsman travels less than four miles a day. Let the deer come to you. Wait behind a tree trunk and be sure there is a backdrop so you won't be silhouetted. Remember to lead your shot. Try to get a clear shot and be sure of what's behind the deer. Before you get too close make sure the deer is dead by brushing its eyelids with a long stick. Remember that many states allow shooting of antlered bucks only.

Beginners should avoid bears unless a guide is along. On mountain areas, approach a bear from above for added safety. A wounded bear usually cannot run as fast uphill. If you're hunting bobcats, be prepared for a long day. You'll need a pack of bounds too. Bobcats are seldom seen. They avoid man. Use a shotgun firing BB's or No. 2 shot.

* * *

When to hunt . . .

Seasons vary from state to state and county to county within a state. Check your state game commission. Sometimes special hunts are held to reduce an overabundance of game in certain areas. Special permits are usually required for these. Hunting hours also vary widely. Check these too. Some states also forbid shooting of game on Sunday. Weatherwise, you may get your best still hunting in the rain. Game is usually driven to shelter in high winds. It may be harder to find, but it is easier to stalk. Restless game may not hear danger signals over a howling wind. A light layer of snow is fine for tracking, but heavy snow drives game to cover.

* * *

. . . and with whom

Never hunt alone, but keep your group small. If you're a beginner, pick an experienced hunter for a companion. The "buddy system" is a good safety device. A guide is a good choice for a companion. Prices for guides go from \$5 to \$50 a day, but it's well worth it. Besides, a guide can process your game to keep it from spoiling as well as lead you to good shooting.

* * *

Field technique

Loud noise or talk will scare game. Use subdued tones. Move quietly, putting your heel down first and rolling your foot forward, six steps or so at a time. Use steady, measured strides and avoid rapid, jerky movements. Then pause for a good five minutes and look all around you as your quarry may have circled. When you freeze, your game may assume that you've spotted it and make a dash. Make sure the target is in range, estimate its speed so you can lead your shot properly, and pause a moment before shooting to steady your aim and satisfy yourself that your target is not another human. Take a deep breath, exhale as you aim, and fire, remembering to squeeze the trigger instead of pulling it, which will jerk both gun and body out of position and result more often than not in a miss.

* * *

A reminder

Remember our tips on gun safety of last week. They are vitally important to the well-being of yourself and others who hunt with you. A little caution and good sense can mean the difference between a good time and serious injury.

by The Know-it-all

A TOUCHDOWN ON EVERY PLAY



SAN FRANCISCO RECEIVER RUNS INTO FLAT FOR PASS FROM QUARTERBACK TITTLE

San Francisco 49ers meet Detroit Lions in typical pro football game—plenty of scoring and a full stadium

ONE of the things that distinguishes professional football from the college game is that the pros aim for a touchdown on every play. Last weekend this strategy produced the incredible total of 254 points in six games. The best of these high-scoring battles was put on by the champion Detroit Lions and the San Francisco 49ers before a crowd of 59,600 at San Francisco's Kezar Stadium.

The 49ers won 37-31 but not before Detroit, resurgent behind the quarterbacking and passing of Second-string Quarterback Tom Dublinski, scored three touchdowns and almost succeeded in making up what appeared to be an insurmountable deficit. But the lead piled up by the accurate passing of 49er Quarterback Y. A. Tittle and the National Football League's most destructive running game, with Hugh McElhenny, Joe Perry and John Henry Johnson, combined to put the game out of reach. They may not have died for old Siwash but the pros had put on a football show that will fill Kezar and other pro stadiums for weeks to come.

DETROIT END JIM DORAN CATCHES TOM DUBLINSKI'S SHORT PASS IN END ZONE FOR A TOUCHDOWN DURING THE THIRD QUARTER





UTAH'S FIREPLUG, LDU MELE, CHUGS TO SET UP A SCORE

UTAH FIREPLUG'S DAY

by ROBERT AJEMIAN

LARAMIE, WYO.

IN the excited locker room, Utah Coach Jack Curtice grabbed a friend and said with surprise: "Haven't you ever seen him? Come on with me." He pulled the friend towards the showers and shouted inside for Fullback Lou Mele. As Mele stepped out of the steam, Curtice chuckled: "That's the kid. Look at him." Standing among his teammates, only five ft. six in. high, stubby legs, no trace of a neck, Lou Mele looked like a fire hydrant in a cluster of telephone poles. On the field he had looked like a giant.

He rushed with the ball 18 times. He gained 122 yards. He kicked off, converted a point, set up one touchdown and scored the second in Utah's 14-7 win over Wyoming. "I really felt like running today," he said afterwards. "It was the best game I ever played in my life."

Late in the second quarter Utah scooped a fumble on the Wyoming 31. Mele carried three times, gained 22 yards, and set up the score.

At the start of the final quarter, the fire hydrant exploded again, broke over right tackle, cut left through the Wyoming backfield and smashed 20 yards. The next play? Mele boomed over left tackle and down the sidelines for 21 more yards and the second Utah touchdown.

HICKMAN SAYS . . . BIG 7 AND SKYLINE

Utah now stands with Denver and Utah State in the Skyline Conference at two wins against one loss under Wyoming's 3 and L. Jack Curtice's Utes have a way of coming through, so I'll have to stick with them until further notice for, at least, a slice of melon.

What I have in the Big Seven is not news. Slightly paraphrasing the Bard, the Sooners arise through the Big Seven like some huge colossus. The big question was and is, who will win the runner-up spot behind Oklahoma? The situation is a muddle. Missouri stands now with two wins against no losses. The team still has four conference games left. Any or all of its four remaining foes could beat Missouri, but at the present time it looks like best bet to win the bowl invitation. The only two teams out of the running are Iowa State and Kansas.



COLGATE STAR GUY MARTIN GAINS 14 YARDS AROUND END

OLD SCHOOLS TIE

by PAUL ABRAMSON

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

TWO of the East's top teams placed their hopes for undefeated and untied seasons on Sophomore quarterback Guy Martin at the Yale Bowl before 37,000 fans. Colgate, gambling all the way with 19-year-old unsung Guy Martin, almost won. Yale, with the highly publicized Dean Loueka directing the attack, almost lost. But with less than two minutes left the Elis brought in veteran passer Bob Brink to gain a 13-13 tie.

Martin was the whole story for Colgate. Entering in the second period after Dick Lalla, all-East star, had faded, he passed and ran his team to a 7-0 lead.

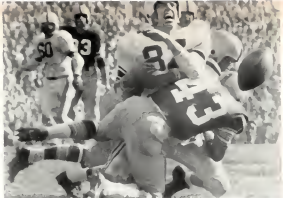
Yale took the second half kickoff, moved 95 yards on 15 running plays to tie the score. Then, with the third period almost gone, Martin picked the Red Raiders up again and carried them to a second touchdown which Fullback Ed Whitehair scored on a six-yard buck. Martin's conversion attempt hit an upright and bounced back—no good.

It was Yale that drove for the final score and had a final chance to win. But it was only fitting that this game, full of parallels throughout, should end on the same note. Vern Loueka's kick went up a little to the right and banged against the upright, falling back on the field—no good.

THE EAST

I guess, when discussing the East, Army would have to be the first team mentioned. They stand in a class by themselves. Somewhere along the line they might be halted, but I doubt it. Yale and Navy, the second best team in the East, have the manpower and desire to defeat them. But this is a remote possibility, not a probability. Among other independents, Colgate remains unbeaten, though tied.

In the Ivy group it still looks like Yale which sports a 3-0 record in league competition. The Big Green of Dartmouth, after a meager beginning, opened its five-game group slate with a 13-7 win over Harvard and cannot be overlooked this Saturday against the Elis in Yale Bowl. Yale looks like the real McCoy, but Dartmouth is offering a dangerous challenge. Meanwhile, if there's throat cutting, Brown could slip in the back door, knife in hand.



"GOF," DESERVES WISCONSIN'S LOCKLIN AS BUCKEYE SANDWICH COMPRESSES

WISCONSIN HORSE BREAKS DOWN

by AUSTIN WEHRWEIN

COLUMBUS, OHIO

BEFORE it happened, Ivy Williamson would smile his sad smile when he heard the folk tale about the Ohio State jinx. True, Wisconsin last won in Columbus 36 years ago. True, Ivy's teams fell to Ohio State in four of the five years he's coached at Wisconsin. But, Ivy would say: "They've beaten us because they played better football."

Jinx or no, last Saturday Ohio State did it again, 31-14, ended the Badgers' four-game victory string, and, barring a miracle, their chances for a Big Ten title plus a day in the Rose Bowl.

Unbeaten Ohio State did it again by hobbling Alan Ameche, the Horse. Ameche had been good for an average of 5.4 yards until "Columbus Day." That day he gained a net of only 42 yards in 16 tries, an average of 2.6.

Ohio's Howard (Hopalong) Cassidy, a 168-pound red-headed left half, inter-

cepted a pass deep in his own territory and ran 88 yards to a touchdown in the third period. Then in the first eight minutes of the fourth quarter Ohio State made three more touchdowns and the contest collapsed.

This defeat was the worst State ever visited upon the Badgers. But history aside, Wisconsin had not previously this fall been scored upon in the second half. Whither did the defense, that allowed only 27 points in four games, vanish?

Coach Woody Hayes had a simple answer. "We used about 50 out of 55 players. We 'out-substituted' them."

Williamson, meanwhile, on the other side of the field, was "down." Said Ivy much later: "We made errors of commission and you just can't do that against a good ball club." Ivy didn't say anything about a jinx.

THE MIDWEST

Ohio State and Michigan straddle the Big Ten heap with four and three conference wins, respectively, against no defeats. If nothing gives until they clash in Columbus on Nov. 20, millions on a nationwide TV hookup will see the most important game of the year. To preserve undefeated conference status, the Buckeyes must get by Northwestern and Purdue, while the Wolverines must beat Indiana, Illinois and Michigan State. Wisconsin and Minnesota are still in contention, but Minnesota, the early wonder, did not look wonderful losing 34-0 to Michigan.

Purdue stands 1-1 in the conference. The Boilermakers could blow off some steam in their four remaining conference games if Lenny Dawson keeps connecting with those touchdown passes. But it looks like Roses for the Buckeyes if they can overcome that Michigan jinx.

Only two independents still look impressive: Notre Dame, rolling well, if not brilliantly, and Cincinnati on a 14-game winning streak. You know, I think that I'll just go out to Cincinnati this weekend and try to find out what makes the team click.

HICKMAN'S HUNCHES

for

Games of Saturday, Oct. 3

- **Navy vs. Notre Dame.** Last Sat day the Irish roared while the Y dies sank Pennsylvania. It will battle in Baltimore, but South B has more fire power. **NOTRE DAME**
- **California vs. U.C.L.A.** The Be ley Boys could beat the Bruins, but have to string along with Red Sand men until further notice. **U.C.L.A.**
- **Northwestern vs. Ohio State.** W a position for the hapless Wilde Everything to gain; little to lose. I'm convinced . . . **OHIO STATE**
- **West Virginia vs. Pittsburgh.** Mountaineers remain undefeated. resurgent Panthers spell trouble. H ever . . . **WEST VIRGINIA**
- **Yale vs. Dartmouth.** Last see the Indians massacred the unspunging Ellis 32-0. Yale fought hard to Colgate. They've been alerted. **YALE**
- **Cincinnati vs. College of the Pac Cincinnati.** one of the nation's fin is after its 15th in a row. Small C.C. want't so small last week beating Te Tech 20-7. **CINCINNATI**
- **Colorado vs. Oklahoma.** Last w Nebraska dumped Colorado from unbeaten ranks. The Sooners b fumbling and winning. **OKLAHOMA**
- **Texas A. & M. vs. Arkansas.** Razorbacks are in the strange rol favorites against the Aggies. A. & has come a long way since Septen but so has . . . **ARKANSAS**
- **L.S.U. vs. Mississippi.** The best plans of the Rebels went awry agn Arkansas. This didn't look like m of a contest three weeks ago, things have changed. Still . . . **MISSISSIPPI**
- **Penn vs. Penn State.** The TV g of the week. The Nittany Lions, st ing fast, have slipped. The Qua never got started. Still it may surp and be a thriller . . . **PENN STATE**

ALSO

Alabama over Georgia
Army over Virginia
Boston College over Xavier (O.
Georgia Tech over Duke
Kansas State over Kansas
Kentucky over Villanova
Michigan over Indiana
Minnesota over Michigan State
Colgate over Princeton
Purdue over Illinois
Southern Cal. over Oregon Stat
Tennessee over North Carolina
T.C.U. over Baylor
S.M.U. over Texas
Oregon over Washington

Last week's hunches:

13 right, 11 wrong, 1 tie
Record to date: 32-37-4

LANCIA'S LATEST UNDER TEST

The Gran Turismo, newest of a famous Italian line, has just arrived in the U.S.

by JOHN BENTLEY

THERE is about the Lancia a taut feeling of pent-up vitality not evident to the same extent in any other car except an outright racing job. This unique sensation communicates itself to driver and passenger the moment the engine is started. I was fully aware of it, in fact, as soon as we pulled out of Bill Frick Motors at Rockville Center, Long Island, where I picked up the new Aurelia Gran Turismo model for testing.

The model under test, a light gray aluminum-bodied sedan with cream wheels and gray woolen upholstery trimmed with blue leather, was brand new. The speedometer showed 121 miles and the steering-post shift was artificially stiff in the joints. Surprisingly, the shift mechanism limbered up after a few miles; but then a certain sponginess and a dead spot between second and third gears made it obvious that a floor shift (\$138 extra) is a must for this car. It can be installed with no loss in comfort, since the front seat is divided into two sections (27 inches wide for the driver, including a center armrest; 22 inches for the passenger).

The Lancia's seating position, however, is excellent. It offers a sensible brand of comfort which takes driver alertness into account. The adjustable seat-back, 21 inches high, has a posture curve that gives proper spinal support and makes dozing impossible. You sit upright, relaxed and at ease, with the steering wheel nicely to hand, surveying hood and fenders through a convex tinted-glass windshield that frames



THROWN SHARPLY AROUND AT 40 MPH, THE LANCIA LEANS WITHOUT GIVING GROUND

583 square inches of landscape. There is plenty of foot space to the left of the clutch pedal, but with the steering wheel rim only three inches from the driver's door, elbow room is a bit cramped. For so low a car, head room is remarkable. Even a six-footer has over four inches of clearance—enough to wear a hat. Leg room, too, is ample with the seat moved fully back about seven inches; but the rear seat then becomes useless except to a child. At best it is only an occasional affair, with

momentary hurst to 5,000 rpm), using the gears for optimum performance.

The Lancia's invitation to scoff at gravitational laws on corners is hard to resist. You know that short of some suicidal maneuver you will not lose control. The featherweight precision of the steering is something out of a Grand Prix race car; so is the new DeDion rear axle featuring husky inboard-mounted brake drums. The transmission does not form part of the engine as on conventional cars, but is unit-built with the rear axle and bolted to the chassis to reduce unsprung weight. This has been a Lancia feature for years and it results in a tail-end tenacity so remarkable that the rear wheels stay glued to the ground under conditions where centrifugal force would throw most other cars into a violent spin.

Again and again I drove the Lancia in a tight circle, stomping on the gas in second gear at 40 mph until I felt dizzy. Though you couldn't tell this from the inside, there was considerable body lean up to a given point, and the outside front wheel tucked under visibly. But that was all. Steering remained dead true and at no time did the car break loose. Compared to the typical family sedan, the Lancia conveys an extraordinary sensation of safety and—if you don't mind shifting—it is a lot easier to drive. You can pull away in top gear from 20 mph, for instance, without any trouble; and from that speed in third gear the getaway is actually brisk.

Coming back, we breezed up to 92 mph (4,240 rpm) instantly on demand, and at that speed the Lancia seemed to be loafing along. There was a slight front-end tremor at 40 mph due to unbalanced wheels, and the immensely powerful brakes obviously required adjustment and bedding-in; but these are matters for the usual 500-mile checkup.

In a Modifications Memorandum, I would suggest the following: larger

PERFORMANCE AT A GLANCE

Acceleration	0-30 mph: 4.5 sec.
through gears	0-50 mph: 8.1 sec.
	0-60 mph: 12.5 sec.
1st & 2nd	30-50 mph: 4.2 sec.
Maximum speed obtained	92 mph
Maximum speed estimated @ 5,300 rpm	115 mph
Brake test (concrete surface): From	
	30 mph: 31 ft. 4 in.
	45 mph: 60 ft. 6 in.
	60 mph: 123 ft. 1 in.
Gas consumption (normal traffic and including all tests):	17.2 mpg
Weather: Fair; cool; slight haze; no wind.	
Speedometer correction: At 92 mph, less than 1% fast.	

a thinly upholstered blue leather cushion 16 inches deep and a boardlike, upright back. By sliding the passenger seat forward, there is enough knee room for one adult on a crosstown trip, and that's about it.

By American standards, the Lancia's aluminum engine (block, pistons, cylinder head and crankcase) is not quiet, but its deep burble communicates neither resonance nor vibration to the interior. It is a pleasant obligato to the nervous responsiveness of the gas pedal, and to the sports-car lover it is music. As we howled along the highway toward Linden Airport, N.J., it was hard to reconcile our deceptively fast gait with the newness of the engine; harder still to limit the revs, to the requested 4,500 (with, later, a rare mo-

INTERIOR IS COMPACT AND PRACTICAL



rear-view mirror—the present one hides part of the rear window; higher geared window-cranking handles—it is annoying to have to work the handle 10 times to open the window fully; more readable instruments—the present speedometer and tachometer offer poor dial contrast and glass reflection aggravates this fault; the inclusion of an engine temperature gauge—its omission is unforgivable in a high-grade car priced \$4,990 plus federal excise tax. Then, the present upholstery is not practical; it will soil in no time. Labels identifying the mysterious array of push buttons adorning the dashboard also would be a help. As to bumpers, the present wrap-arounds look pretty but would never withstand the rammed impact of Detroit buffers.

Lancia is producing only 500 Aurelia Gran Turismo a year. For enthusiasts seeking the comfort of a sedan with thoroughbred sports-car performance, this handcrafted rate of production makes them all the more desirable.

SPECIFICATIONS

engine and chassis

No. of cylinders	60°—V-6
Bore	3.07 in.
Stroke	3.36 in.
Displacement	155 cu. in.
Compression ratio	8:1
Maximum output	118 bhp @ 5,600 rpm
Bore/stroke ratio	1:1.09
Bhp per cu. in.	.76
Valves	Inclined overhead—pushrod

Hemispherical combustion chambers

Carburetor Weber dual-throat downdraft Type 40 DCZ-5

Transmission	Synchromesh
Overall ratios	O/D 4th: 3.66

3rd: 6.32

2nd: 7.83

1st: 12.18

Rear axle ratio 4.27

Piston speed (60 5,300 rpm)	2,968 ipm
Max. max. 1,000 mm (D. 44k)	31.68

Weight (car tested, with 17 gallons)

2.680 lbs.

Power weight ratio	22.71 lbs./bhp
--------------------	----------------

Turning diameter 32 ft. 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.

Steering wheel turns (lock to lock) 3 1/2

Tire size (Michelin)	400 x 165
Rear frame size	261 cm, 1 m

Grass mowing area	263 sq. ft.
Gas tank capacity (U.S. gallons)	20.6

measurements

Wheelbase	104 5/16 in.
Tread (Front)	60 3/8 in.
(Rear)	51 3/16 in.
Overall length	172 1/16 in.
width	61 in.
height	53 1/2 in.
Minimum ground clearance	6 in.
Luggage space (including spare wheel)	approx. 13 cu. ft.
Rear window area	647 sq. in.
Maximum interior width	52 1/2 in.

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THE PERFECT HOST



Hats & the wild: some pointers carving skulls from Tongan Carving, Tonga, and some people knives are mounted on the house in the shape of a brass, golden wall hanging. Tonga are admissible to 1, pointing knives to hold each other in hand firmly for each carrying. Pivoting-knives, double, a series of

THE CHAMPAGNE MASTER



erfectly clear. Finally, however, I am beginning to see why the "feminist" label is so often used to describe the work of people like me. I am not alone in my confusion. I have written to several people, and one of them has written me back, "I'm not sure if you're a feminist or not, but I think you're a feminist."

THE

[illegible]

FREE: *Celebrity House*, Dept. B, Box 1414, Buffalo 14, N.Y.
In Canada: 254 Fleet St., East Toronto, Ont.



MUG NUMBER ONE in boxing scandal is Frank (Blinky) Palermo (left), Saxton's manager. Palermo, whose arrests range from assault and battery to running a disorderly club, is reputed numbers-racket operator in Philadelphia. Despite record, Blinky runs one of the most active stables of fighters in U.S. He has handled Dan Baccarelli, Coley Wallace, former lightweight champion Ike Williams and onetime heavyweight contender Clarence Henry, indicted in New York last June on charge of offering \$15,000 bribe to "fix" a Garden bout. In 1952 Palermo told Illinois Boxing Commission, "I've never been arrested for the last 17 years and don't know why a man can't live it down." Blinky erred. In 1950, he was arrested in Philadelphia on charges of Reckless Use of Firearms and Assault with Intent to Kill.

COLUMN OF THE WEEK:

N.Y. MIRROR SPORTS EDITOR DAN PARKER SAYS

GAVILAN WAS JOBBED

by DAN PARKER

IF COMMISSIONER Frank Wiener were an ostrich instead of an eel, he would be able to save face by burying his head in quicksand after what happened in Philadelphia's Convention Hall Wednesday night to disgrace once more his home city and his administration of boxing in it.

That Philadelphia, in recent years a dumping ground for sticte garbage, was advertised wherever television carried the Gavilan-Saxton welterweight-championship stinker as a city in which it is possible for a home-town hoodlum to job a world's champion out of his title, for the benefit of one of his own fighters, is the fault of no one but Wiener, Pennsylvania's undistinguished administrator of boxing.

DISHONOR AMONG THIEVES

Without Wiener's approval, Blinky Palermo, a hoodlum with a melodorous record in and out of the prize ring, could not hold a manager's license. That Palermo was able to steal the title on this occasion was most appropriate because he also stole Johnny Saxton, the fighter for whom he perpetrated this outrage. Bill Miller, a decent old-time Negro trainer, developed Saxton as an amateur and, when he wasn't making much progress with him as a pro, tied up with Palermo because he was given to understand that without a mob connection, he wouldn't get anywhere. When the two-year contract Miller entered into with The Blink expired, poor old Bill, who taught Saxton everything he knows (the only rap against Miller),

was kicked out of the partnership.

As Blinky and Saxton awaited the announcement of the decision in their corner Wednesday night, after a 15th round in which Gavilan staggered Saxton and swarmed all over him, a beatific smile spread over the kindly hoodlum's face, reminiscent of that displayed by the fabled pussycat after devouring the canary. It was as if Blinky were saying: "Well, you're on your feet so everything's okay." The story, buzzed around in advance, was that Gavilan would have to knock out his man to retain his title. When the unanimous verdict for Saxton was announced, Blinky acted as if it were stale news. His expression of complete confidence, before the announcement came, was revealing.

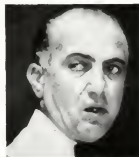
FRANKIE WAS HERE

As to which was worse, the decision or the fight itself, it would take some pretty fine hairsplitting to decide. Blinky the Just, Frankie's pin-up boy, thought everything was just dandy. What Frankie Carbo, Gavilan's Goombar with whom The Blink dined at Dempsey's Monday night, thought of it no one was able to find out, as he copped a "5th amendment" plea. What the public thought of it, as represented by the opinion of televiewers, seems to be that for the next six months our Republic will stink like a pulp-mill town from coast to coast.

A possible explanation of the patrid affair is that Signor Carbo, who had a piece of Gavilan without the fighter's approval, saw that the Keed not only

was getting balky but also was slipping rapidly and, to keep control of the title, arranged with Blinky to pass it along to Saxton. Gavilan apparently was suspicious from the start, as he pulled out of the match twice.

Jack Kearns told some friends before the fight to send in all they had on Saxton who, he said, couldn't lose. In New York, many fans who tried to put money on Saxton were told that they could bet only on Gavilan. After the fight (?), Palermo said there would be no return match for Gavilan. And before and after it, Goombar Carbo lavishly entertained fight mobsters from all over America at a hotel suite. He had good reason to celebrate.



REFEREE PANTALEO had his license suspended in 1948 after arrest in a gambling raid. Asked why he scored the fight for Saxton, Pantaleo replied: "Some people got sour grapes."

MUG NUMBER TWO in Philadelphia class is Frankie Carbo (right), who really is Mug Number One in boxing. Carbo has almost as many aliases as he has fighters. He started career in earnest in 1924 when he shot and killed a Bronx butcher in a row over a stolen cab. Carbo was sentenced to 7 1/2 to 15 years in prison, but was paroled in less than one year. This was the only rap he failed to beat. The nearest Carbo has come to a conviction since was in 1942 when he went on trial for the murder of Harry Greenberg. Although a witness twice identified Carbo, the trial ended in a hung jury. Despite such mental employment for Murder, Inc., Carbo is conceded by other mobsters to be the overlord of boxing. One New York sportswriter charged: "It is possible Carbo could shut down boxing in this country if he decided to pull a strike."



BUDD SCHULBERG *continued from page 11*

the division, below the logical contender, Carmen Basilio. The only explanation that comes readily to mind is that it was Be Kind To Saxton (and Palermo) Week and Commissioner Wiener was getting things started early.

Not since the days when Schmeling was winning his heavyweight title while reclining on his back after an alleged low blow from Jack Sharkey, or when Carnera was receiving his crown from the benevolent Sharkey, not since those sleazy days when talking pictures and smelly fights were in flower—well, I guess what I am trying to say is that Saxton can now share with Carnera the hooky prize for being the most undeserving and unwelcome champion in modern ring history.

GOING DOWN, BREAKING EVEN

The bloodless and—except for Gavilan's earnest final round—nearly hitless malarkey was actually a fitting climax to a prolonged shell game that really began over a year ago when Carmen Basilio knocked Gavilan down and came within a lash of depriving him of the title that had made him the assistant Presidente de Cuba. The Kid rallied to win but the smart boys looked at each other and decided that another good fighter was showing signs of wear and tear, no disgrace after more than a decade of active campaigning against Ike Williams, Ray Robinson, Billy Graham, Johnny Bratton, Tony Janiro, Tommy Bell, Paddy Young—the best of the welterweights and middleweights throughout the 40s and early 50s. When your champion begins to have trouble making the weight and his best is a year or two behind him, you look for the fattest money match over the weight. So the Kid made a

pass at Bobo Olson's middleweight title, which not only produced a pleasant pay night for Gavilan, Manager Angel Lopez & Co., but postponed the agony of paring down to 147 from an aging natural weight of 155. Then, when you can no longer escape the ordeal, you naturally look for the most money combined with the easiest opponent who can pass muster as an approved contender.

Bypassing Carmen Basilio, who had been waiting nearly a year for the rematch he had earned, Angel Lopez, who does the Gavilan business, made a private deal with Blinky Palermo whereby Blinky would guarantee Angel \$40,000 if the Kid would put his title up for grabs, and with Saxton how else could you describe it? It seemed strange that there should be no provision for a rematch, a

customary protection for champions.

I put this down on the raised-eyebrow page of my little black suspicion book. Was it an omen? Was Gavilan so confident of winning that he disdained the usual return-match clause? Or was he getting ready to abandon the welterweight class? The Pennsylvania commission explained that it did not permit a return-match guarantee in a title fight. But after the what-shall-we-call-it, when Gavilan flew into a dressing-room rage and cried robbery, Lopez insisted that there had been a return-match guarantee after all. A secret agreement between him and Blinky. Seems as if there were as many secret agreements surrounding this fight as there were around the Treaty of Versailles. But Commissioner Christenberry cracked his whip for Basilio, somewhat belatedly,

continued on next page



AS GAVILAN EXTENDS LEFT, SAXTON CLUTCHES IT AND STRIKES BACK WITH SLY STARE

and said Saxton would have to meet the free-swinging Syracuse No. 1 boy within 90 days if he wanted to be recognized as champion in New York.

Was Gavilan really jobbed out of his title, as he so tearfully claimed, and was it a Carbo-Palermo double play? Paul John (Frankie) Carbo (not unacquainted with murder and commonly described as the undercover owner of Gavilan and dozens of other high-ranking fighters) had worked with Blinky before. They have been pointed out as the background figures the night Blinky's Billy Fox "knocked out" Jake La Motta, said to carry the Carbo colors in the grand stakes. Christenberry, in a survey of boxing that will bear rereading, described Blinky as "next to Carbo the most notorious character in the combine." Why did Carbo and Palermo have dinner together at Dempsey's restaurant a few nights before the Gavilan-Saxton? And what was Paul John, alias Frankie, celebrating in a Philadelphia hotel after the Gavilan-Saxton?

KNIGHT IN TARNISHED ARMOR

These were some of the inevitable, unanswered questions as the song was ended but the aroma lingered on.

The fight itself was not fixed, in the opinion of this trusting soul. I can't get into the tall-chaser about who won which rounds because after the second I started scoring it with an N for nothin' happened. Saxton is a nothing-happen fighter who has perpetrated this sort of thing throughout his curious career. Two of his Garden fights



IN DRESSING ROOM Gavilan threw tantrum that was livelier than fight.

were thrown out as no contests, although the Minelli mess somehow went into the record books as a KO for Saxton. Like this most recent fight, and the kazatsky before it with Johnny Bratton, the only beating was the one inflicted on the spectators.

Gavilan was an aging 28, weakened from weight making, rusty from a six-month layoff, rarely using his injured right hand and frustrated by a well conditioned and accomplished spoiler. The Cuban was no longer the flashy Keed who fought in theatrical but effective spurts, incredibly hard to hurt and almost always good to watch. In recent years the spurts were shorter, the coasting periods longer. Came a night when the good fighter couldn't fight, especially in there with a stiff who wouldn't fight. Kid couldn't; Johnny wouldn't—that's the story if you only had money enough for a four-word telegram. The fix didn't have to be in. The fates have put the fix in, helped along by the wiles of Mr. Blinky

and the Gavilan piecemen when they conspired to match a no-longer-boring-in Kid with an always-boring Saxton.

If Pantaleo had been a real referee instead of what he was, he would have bounced them both out of the ring after eight rounds and advised the abused paying customers to ask for their money back. Gavilan didn't earn his 40Ga and Saxton didn't earn his championship of the world. If it had to be judged as a fight I would have called it for Gavilan because 1) you can have more fun in Havana than you can in Philadelphia and 2) Gavilan has been pretty great and deserves better than to blow his title in a home-town sleight-of-hand and 3) the Kid came on to win the last round in something like his old style, shaking Saxton up and providing the only real action in the fight. All the rest of the action was handled by the books, who were swamped with Saxton money throughout the day.

SCHULBERG DECLARES TITLE VACANT

I don't know about the other ruling hodies but the Schulberg Boxing Commission, which headquarters in New Hope, Pa. but has no working agreement with Frank Wiener, refuses to recognize Saxton as champion. It saw with its own eyes such welterweight worthies as Jackie Fields, Young Jack Thompson, Young Corbett (II), Jimmy McLarnin, Barney Ross, Henry Armstrong, Fritzie Zivic, Ray Robinson—yes, and Kid Gavilan. In deference to these real champions, we declare the title vacant.

The Gavilan-Saxton turkey trot deserves a thorough airing. In fact, it may be time to ask again, as responsible sportswriters have been asking so long, whether boxing is going to be a legitimate sport or a dirty business? Jim Norris, the personable president of the IBC, as an honorable man and a true fight fan should welcome an investigation of the dark underside of boxing. It can destroy the sport as the Black Sox conspiracy might have ruined baseball if an effective commission had not been set up to protect our pastime from its inside jobbers. To say this is not to attack boxing but to attack the boxing racket.

The boxing managers have their guild; the IBC is a powerful network of promoters from New York to San Francisco; even the veteran boxers are getting together. Maybe it's time to launch the Association for the Protection of the Poor Put-Upon Fight Fan. The AP'P'FF. The middle P's don't stand for Palermo or Pantaleo. Won't stand for them, in fact.



ARCHIE CHALLENGES IBC

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT champion Archie Moore, who campaigned for 18 years before the boxing monopoly permitted him to appear at Madison Square Garden, took his case to the

public on ABC television last Saturday night. Said Moore: "It's just too tough for me to get a crack at the heavy-weight title. I understand Rocky Marciano's manager, Al Weill, said, 'We'll fight Moore 10 years from now.' That's too long." Moore urged fans to write the TV sponsors, sportswriters and the New York State Athletic Commission, demanding the match. To prove his right in this shot, Moore told Sports-caster Guy LeBow he would undertake to knock out Cuban contender Nino Valdes and defeat British heavyweight Don Cockell within the space of two weeks. Promised Archie: "If I don't knock out Valdes, I'll give my purse to charity. And if I don't beat Cockell, I'll retire from campaigning in the heavyweight ranks—permanently."

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SPORTING LOOK

NUTS, BOLTS & COVERALLS

New fashions enshing in on the sports car craze, with geometric jewelry and high-intensity colors, are speeding up the style of comfortable old coveralls



PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MEEK

Gold coverall, of hand-woven Mexican cotton by Jane Ford, has stand-away collar that can be buttoned up. Back has old-timey drop seat. Sells for \$18.95.

Red coverall by Jeanne Campbell of Sportswirl is of form-fitting velveteen, for anything from dog walking to playing hostess at cocktail party. About \$25.

Orange coverall, Huck Finn style, in knitted cotton is worn with visored cap and black cotton sweater. By Geist & Geist; coverall about \$25; sweater, \$7.

Pink coverall, supple-waisted, straight-lined, in velveteen, resembles new Paris fashions, has low-placed back belt. Also by Jeanne Campbell of Sportswirl. \$25.

THEIR sleek lines and showcase colors of the sports cars which have so captivated Americans are responsible for the brilliant transformation of an old reliable—the coverall. These practical one-pieces take their lines from the Perelli coveralls worn by international racing drivers and their crews (see SI, Aug. 16). They show off a shapely waistline and present no

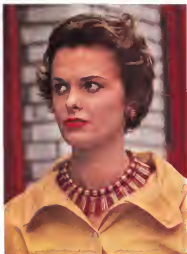
shirttail problem. The coverall has many names in its working guise: the paratrooper's jump suit, GI fatigues, the mechanic's monkey suit. But it took the swift, stylish sports cars to give it a personality as much at home in the parlor as in the mechanic's pit. The four coveralls shown here with A. E. Goldschmidt's No. 99 Ferrari illustrate the garment's versatility. Guld

hand-woven cotton and orange knitted cotton lend a tough, washable life. Red and pink velveteen suit the softness of leisure hours. With the coveralls: Caperio's short jockey boots in red or black leather (\$21.95) and Geomet, Inc. jewelry made of color anodized aluminum nuts and bolts, cotter pins and pipe filters. For close-ups of the jewelry, see the next page.

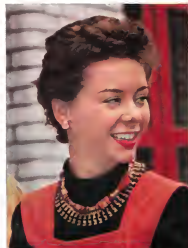
From a hardware store comes the year's most colorful sports jewelry:
 brightly anodized nuts, bolts and cotter pins strung on leather thongs



Propeller-type wing nuts form earrings and necklace, here teamed with another necklace of cotter pins.



Aluminum washers and cotter pins make lightweight jewelry. Brilliant colors are anodized, will not fade.



Graduated hex nuts, zigzag pipe filters and bolts make necklaces and earrings reminiscent of Egyptian jewelry.



Cotter-pin earrings set off necklaces of nuts and pipe filters. Earrings, \$3.50; necklaces, \$10 to \$20, by Geomet, Inc.

TENNIS

NET LOSS

Talbert's illness
and Cup rebellion
plague USLTA



BILL TALBERT

So's tennis columnist Bill Talbert, playing captain of the U.S. Davis Cup team, last week found himself pitted against an opponent "I had never even heard of." Talbert was stricken with infectious hepatitis (a liver infection) on the eve of his departure for the winter tennis wars in Australia, and ended up on his back in New York Hospital.

Talbert's illness was a hard blow for the USLTA, already somewhat bruised by a near-mutiny of the U.S. team against an association agreement that requires American players to spend three months in Australia. This not-quite-reciprocal pact specifies that the Aussie stars need compete in the U.S. for only six weeks at tournament time. Talbert, Vic Seixas, Tony Trabert and Ham Richardson all feel that the long Australian stay, involving competition in many tournaments, damages our Davis Cup prospects.

That, of course, is all right with Mr. Harry Hopman, the Australian Davis Cup captain. Hopman promptly wrote in his newspaper column: "... if the U.S. Davis Cup team does not stay here for the Australian championships next January, Australia likely will retaliate by keeping its players out of the American championships."

While Hopman has no authority to order such a reprisal, the USLTA appealed to our stars to help avoid an international schism. They yielded, and Richardson and Trabert leave Nov. 6 for Australia. Seixas will go a little later but will stay longer. Captain Talbert hopes to join them when his liver and Harry Hopman have both subsided.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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HORSE RACING

RICHEST RACE

Garden State offers a rewarding look into the three-year old future

by ALBION HUGHES



EUGENE MORI

THE retirement of Nashua, Belair Stud's Futurity winner, and great son of Nasrullah, won't seriously detract from the \$239,000—the world's richest—race at Garden State Oct. 30. It will, if anything, enlarge the field and probably center interest on still another Nasrullah colt, Flying Fury, Cain Hoy's surprise winner of the Champagne Stakes at Belmont Park.

To stocky, white-haired Eugene Mori, president of the track—he and his group also control Tanforan and Hialeah—goes all the credit for dreaming up a race which keeps interest in two-year-olds at fever pitch right through October, even after the Futurity has been run. In October there is always strong speculation about next year's Kentucky Derby winner and which of the youngsters really has staying power. The Garden State at a mile and a sixteenth provides something of an answer.

THE FREE GO IT

First running of this new race last year proved the Garden State was a natural. The largest crowd (43,234) ever to attend a track on the Jersey circuit topped the state's betting record for a single race by putting \$554,984 through the tote. The richest race, as the management frankly emphasizes, is made possible only by the fees put up by owners who reach into their pockets for nominating, eligibility, entry and starting fees in that order. Nomination fees were put up for 789 horses this year. Of these 219 had their eligibility fees paid up. But before the start of the race, owners of horses which will run must put up another \$2,000. All in all it costs \$2,385 to start a horse. The Garden State Racing Association adds \$100,000 to all this. If 16 horses start, the value of the race will be \$271,965. So it is something like an old-fashioned sweepstake.

Last year's winner, Cain Hoy's Turn-To, netted \$151,282, and even today that buys a lot of oats (213,073 bushels to be exact). The 1953 race grossed \$269,395 and should be more this year.

The previous record was the Santa Anita Maturity of 1951, won by Great Circle.

At the top of the list of contenders place Mrs. Russell Firestone's Summer Tan, considered by handicappers to be just about the equal, by some good judges perhaps even the superior, of the retired Nashua. A dark brown Heliopolis colt from an Omaha mare, he is built pretty close to the ground, certainly bred for distance. Ordinarily a slow starter, a good post position in the morning draw is important for this game late runner, for from the outside he may get caught in the pack and never get a chance for his stretch run.

There are several sleepers in the race well worth watching. Flying Fury is one; another is Roman Patrol, a youngster from Josephine Abercrombie's Pin Oak Farm. He has won his only two starts by wide daylight and must be considered, with his early speed, as having more than an off chance. He's by Roman, a front runner in his day. And Eddie Hayward, Cain Hoy trainer, has a second string to his bow in Racing Pool, winner of a

good race at Garden State last Saturday that significantly enough was not called a "Trial."

The Garden State track itself is sandy, much as the old one at Aqueduct and is not much affected by rain. Even if the day of the race should come up a bad one the track will not be a sea of mud.

The international set, four-legged version, will meet at Laurel, Md., Nov. 3 for the third running of the Washington, D.C. International, a mile and a half go-round over the turf, with a European walk-up start. This four-power equine conference draws together horses flown in from England, France and Ireland, with two good American horses. Excitement and glamour will be added by the presence of the black Landau, owned by Queen Elizabeth II of England, who will be showing her famous purple, scarlet and gold colors anywhere abroad for the very first time. King of the Tudors, the second English horse, won the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park this summer (beating Landau), while from Ireland comes Northern Glens, which will probably be ridden by Australia's Rae Johnstone, now perhaps the best rider in Europe. Present also will be two French ambassadors, the 4-year-old mare Bananas (second in the Arc de Triomphe at Longchamps this fall) and Ernest Declieux's good 6-year-old, Norman.

The U.S. will be represented by King Ranch's High Gun and Stanley Mikkell's grass runner Brush Burn. American alternates are C. V. Whitney's Fisherman and Jaclyn Stable's Closed Door.



NEW MUSEUM FOR RACING

Thoroughbred racing has probably as much tradition as any sport going. Next summer's visitors to Saratoga may get a chance to view some of turf's most

treasured material in this proposed new museum which will go up beside the oldest course in the country. The architect is New York's A. L. Noel.

Odds ?

Schmodds!



UPSET: The odds were all against F.B.I. man Horace Ashenfelter in the 1952 Olympics. Yet he beat the Russian favorite in the Steeplechase.

In last week's **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, Michigan Track Coach Don Canham laid a prediction on the line.

Russia will win the Olympics. Those are the odds, Russia wants to win—bad. Behind the Iron and Bamboo Curtains (the "Muscle Curtain," Canham calls it) athletes are on the government payroll. They're striving for more than gold medals. Victory will provide a strong propaganda weapon. And the Russians are good—so good the odds are now with them.

But Americans can upset the odds. Horace Ashenfelter was only a long shot when he went into the Steeplechase at Helsinki in 1952. In spite of the odds, he won. And well-trained athletes like him can help us win again with upset victories in 1956.

But America has to be there to win! Italy and Australia, in 1956, will be host to the most hotly contested Olympic Games the world has seen. American athletes will be meeting the best from 80 other countries. Yet, American athletes can turn the tables... whatever the odds.

But it all depends on you. Support your Olympic Team Fund. Already the U. S. Olympic Team Fund Committee has launched a nationwide drive. Civic groups like the Junior Chamber of Commerce are doing their utmost to raise the money without which America cannot even compete in the Olympics, let alone win. A lot of money is needed—over a million dollars.

Send your contribution, large or small, along with the coupon below.

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RECORD BREAKERS

● Vladimir Kuc, 27, Russian army sergeant, broke ten-day-old world record for 5,000-meter run, covering distance in 13:51.2 in meet between Czechoslovakia and Russia, at Prague. Kuc cut four-tenths of second off record set by Britain's Chris Chataway and outran Czechoslovak Army Major Emil Zatopek easily. Kuc's record was fourth set for 5,000 meters in

1954 and 7 seconds lower than mark held by Gunder Hagg of Sweden at start of year. ● Frank (Babo) Nickerson, 33, baseball clown, set new unofficial world record for catching baseball from high place when he caught one from airplane flying 650 feet from ground. Old mark of 575 was set by Cincinnati players Hobie Landreth and Dutch Dotterer.

BOXING

Johnny Sauton, 24, of New York won unanimous decision of judges and referee over Kid Gavilan, 26, of Cuba in boring 15-rounder to capture welterweight championship of world, at Philadelphia.

Ramon Fuentes, Los Angeles welterweight, hammered out easy victory over veteran Billy Graham of New York in 10 rounds, at Los Angeles.

Floyd Patterson, New York light heavyweight, easily outpointed Joe Gansoni of Washington, D.C. in eight-round bout, at New York.

Tommy Collins, Medford, Mass. featherweight, gained third victory in comeback attempt with fifth-round TKO over inept Bobby Why of Los Angeles, at Boston.

Wally Tom retained British and European welterweight titles with sixth-round KO of Lew Lazar, at London.

Dai Bowser of Wales won British flyweight crown by decision over Jake Tuli, at London.

FOOTBALL

Ohio State continued march toward Rose Bowl, scoring four touchdowns in nine minutes to beat closest competitor for Pasadena honors, Wisconsin, 31-14. Howard (Hopalong) Cassidy, 168-pound Buckeye halfback, intercepted Wisconsin pass late in third period when Badgers led 7-3, ran 88 yards to put Ohio State out in front for good. Ohio State then piled up three quick touchdowns with help of two Wisconsin fumbles.

Michigan bid for Big Ten honors, defeating hitherto unbeaten Minnesota 34-0. Unranked Wolverines won traditional Little Brown Jug trophy from eighth-ranked Golden Gophers through sustained scoring drives sparked by halfback Tony Brannoff.

Arkansas, ranked seventh nationally, became leading contender for Southwest Conference championship, beating fifth-ranked Mississippi 6-0 with touchdown scored on 66-yard pass play in last three minutes of game. Sophomore back Buddy Benson threw to Preston Carpenter for game-winning score.

Southern California cleared another obstacle to Rose Bowl by capitalizing on two fumbles to whip stubborn California team led by Paul Larsen, 28-27. Linden Crow scored three times for Trojans while Larsen kept California close, completing 14 of 18 passes for 167 yards. Larsen also ran back kickoff 34 yards to set up one California score but his safety was margin of victory for U.S.C.

Oklahoma fumbled seven times, still beat Kansas State 21-0. Halfback Buddy Leake scored twice for Sooners, who made 315 yards on ground.

U.C.L.A. ineligible for Rose Bowl this year, pounded out sixth consecutive victory, trampling Oregon State 61-0. Coming on heels of last week's 72-0 victory over Stanford, U.C.L.A. appeared choice to win Pacific Coast title. Winners made nine touchdowns, including seven by reserves.

Army relied almost strictly on ground attack while running over Columbia 67-12.

San Francisco 49ers took lead in western division of National Football League, beating champion Detroit Lions 37-31. New York Giants, Philadelphia Eagles and Pittsburgh Steelers scrambled to three-way tie for lead in eastern division as Giants whipped Washington Redskins 24-7 on three touchdown passes by Charlie Conerly and Steelers beat Eagles 17-7 on accurate pawing of Quarterback Jimmy Finks.

GOLF

E. J. (Dutch) Harrison, 44, of St. Louis blew three-stroke lead, sank 13-foot birdie putt on final hole to win Ampol golf tournament by stroke, at Sydney, Australia. Runner-up: Australia's Gene Pickworth.

L. J. W. Conrad, of Gary AFB, Tex. won Air Force's world-wide golf tournament with tournament record-breaking score of 281 for 72 holes, at Eglin AFB, Fla.

Patty Berg clinched 1954 money-winning title of Ladies' Professional Golf Assoc. with earnings of \$16,011. Mildred (Babe) Zaharias was second with \$14,432; Louise Suggs, third with \$12,736.

SAILING

Sam Harton, of Rye, N.Y., representing American Yacht Club, beat E.B.N. Mitchell of Royal Corinthian Yacht Club of

Barnham-on-Crouch, England in match race series of International One-Design sloops, 4-2, at Rye.

Warner Wilcox retained S Class national championship, outlasting John R. White, at Larchmont, N.Y.

Barlovento, skippered by Pierre S. du Pont of Tred Avon Yacht Club, won cruising Class A honors on both elapsed and corrected times in last sailing race of Fall Series sponsored by Annapolis Yacht Club, at Annapolis.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING

Dr. Herbert Tichy of Austria led three-man team to peak of 26,667-foot Mount Cho Oyu, world's seventh highest mountain, in Nepal.

HORSE RACING

Helioscope, owned by William G. Helis Jr., galloped to length-and-half victory in \$62,106 Trenton Handicap at Garden State Park, Camden, N.J. Ridden by Sam Beal-meth, three-year-old Helioscope earned \$44,000, paid \$4,400.

Brother Tex, owned by W. C. Stephens, came from behind to beat 14 other two-year-olds in richest running of Breeders' Futurity, at Keeneland race track, Lexington, Ky. Brother Tex earned \$38,000, paid \$15,500.

High Voltage, owned by Mrs. Henry Carnegie Phlips, justified 3-5 price by winning Selima Stakes, made herself top two-year-old filly of year, at Laurel, Md. High Voltage earned \$50,810, boosted total winnings for year to \$163,325.

Nashua, leading two-year-old of 1954, retired for rest of year to recover from attack of colic.

Katie Key, country's leading trotting mare, won \$28,375 Gotham Trot, at Yonkers, N.Y. Owned by Pat Tuerco of Riverhead, N.Y. and driven by Clint Hodgins, Katie Key's victory in mile-and-half trot sent her earnings to \$152,375.

DOG SHOWS

Ch. Carmor's Rise and Shine, three-year-old cocker spaniel owned by Mrs. Carl E. Morgan of High Point, N.C., took best in show at Albany Kennel Club show, Albany, N.Y. Rise and Shine, winner of top award at Westminster in February, scored over 691 dogs, including boxer Ch. Bang Away of Sirrah Court.

Bang Away came back after defeat at Albany to win best-in-show at Troy Kennel Club show, his 96th top award, at Troy, N.Y. Four-year-old Bang Away is owned by Dr. and Mrs. R. C. Harris of Santa Ana, Calif.

FOOTBALL'S TOP TEN

(Votest of the Associated Press entered poll. Team standings, with points figured on a 10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1 basis (first-place votes in parentheses):

	Points
1—Ohio State (64)	1,959
2—Olemiss (74)	1,834
3—U.C.L.A. (48)	1,609
4—Arkansas (56)	1,351
5—Army (3)	574
6—Notre Dame (3)	727
7—West Virginia (4)	670
8—Wisconsin	660
9—Purdue	233
10—Miami (Fla.) (6)	369

RENAISSANCE, 11, Michigan 346, 15, Mississippi 319, 13, Southern California 304, 14, V.P.I. 11, 224, 15, Navy 74

COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

October 29 through November 4

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29

Boxing

- Vince Martinez vs. Carmine Fiore, welterweights, Mid Sq. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).

Dogs

- Grand Natl. Grouse Championship trials, Manchester, Pa.

Football

- Detroit vs. Marquette, Detroit (M)
- Geo. Washington vs. Richmond, Washington, D.C. (N)
- Miami vs. Fordham, Miami, Fla. (N)

Harness Racing

- Los Angeles Trot, \$10,000, free-for-all, Hollywood Pl., Calif.

Hockey

- Cleveland Barons vs. Providence Reds, Cleveland.

Horses

- Grand Natl. Exposition, Cow Palace, San Francisco.

Trophy Hunting

- Greenbrier Open Invitational, White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30

Baseball

- Baltimore Bullets vs. Syracuse Nationals, Baltimore.
- Milwaukee Hawks vs. Fort Wayne Pistons, Milwaukee.
- N.Y. Knicks vs. Minneapolis Lakers, New York
- Rochester Royals vs. Boston Celtics, Rochester, (NBC—following football game)

Dogs

- German Short Hair Natl. Championships, Toledo, Ohio

Football

- (Leading college games)
- LAST
- Army vs. Virginia, West Point, N.Y.
- Brown College vs. Xavier, Boston.
- Boston U. vs. Bucknell, Boston
- Columbia vs. Cornell, New York
- Harvard vs. Ohio U., Cambridge, Mass.
- Lehigh vs. Brown, Bethlehem, Pa.
- Muhlenberg vs. Delaware, Allentown, Pa.
- Navy vs. Notre Dame, Baltimore, 1:45 p.m. (NBC).
- Pennsylvania vs. Penn State, Philadelphia, 1:55 p.m. (ABC). Men to watch: Penn's Neil Hyland (42), Penn State's Lenney Moore (42).
- Princeton vs. Colgate, Princeton, N.J.
- Rutgers vs. Temple, New Brunswick, N.J.
- Syracuse vs. Holy Cross, Syracuse, N.Y.
- W. Virginia vs. Pittsburgh, Morgantown, W. Va.
- Yale vs. Dartmouth, New Haven, Conn.
- SOUTH & SOUTHWEST
- Alabama vs. Georgia, Birmingham, Ala.
- Auburn vs. Tulane, Mobile, Ala.
- Ouke vs. Georgia Tech, Durham, N.C.
- Florida vs. Miss State, Gainesville, Fla.
- Kentucky vs. Villanova, Lexington, Ky.
- LSU vs. Mississippi, Baton Rouge, La. (M).
- N. Carolina State vs. Furman, Raleigh, N.C. (N).
- Rice vs. Vanderbilt, Houston, Tex.
- S. Carolina vs. Maryland, Columbia, S.C.
- Tennessee vs. N. Carolina, Knoxville, Tenn.
- Texas vs. SMU, Austin, Tex.
- Texas A. & M. vs. Arkansas, College Station, Tex. (M).
- T.C.U. vs. Baylor, Fort Worth, Tex.
- V.M.I. vs. Florida State, Lynchburg, Va.
- Virginia Tech vs. Wm. & Mary, Blacksburg, Va.
- WEST
- Cincinnati vs. Coll. of Pac., Cincinnati.
- Iowa vs. Wisconsin, Iowa City, Ia.

- Iowa State vs. Osake, Ames, Ia.
- Kansas State vs. Kansas, Manhattan, Kan.
- Michigan vs. Indiana, Ann Arbor, Mich.
- Minnesota vs. Michigan State, Minneapolis, 2:15 p.m. (ABC).
- Nebraska vs. Missouri, Lincoln, Neb.
- Northwestern vs. Ohio State, Evanston, Ill.
- Purdue vs. Illinois, Lafayette, Ind.
- Tulsa vs. Oklahoma A. & M., Tulsa, Okla.
- Wichita vs. Houston, Wichita, Kan.
- WISCONSIN
- California vs. U.C.L.A., Berkeley, Calif.
- Colorado vs. Oklahoma, Boulder, Colo.
- Colorado A. & N. vs. Montana, Ft. Collins, Colo.
- S. California vs. Oregon State, Los Angeles.
- Stanford vs. Wash. State, Palo Alto, Calif.
- Utah vs. Idaho, Salt Lake City, Utah.
- Washington vs. Oregon, Seattle.

(Professionals)

- Natl. Football League
- Philadelphia Eagles vs. Green Bay Packers, Philadelphia, 8 p.m. (Du Mont).
- Canadian League
- Montreal Alouettes vs. Toronto Argonauts, Montreal, 1:45 p.m. (NBC).
- Ottawa Rough Riders vs. Hamilton Tiger-Cats, Ottawa.

Hockey

- Natl. Hockey League
- Detroit Red Wings vs. Boston Bruins, Detroit
- Montreal Canadiens vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Montreal
- Toronto Maple Leafs vs. N.Y. Rangers, Toronto
- American Hockey League
- Cleveland Barons vs. Buffalo Bisons, Cleveland
- Pittsburgh Hornets vs. Providence Reds, Pittsburgh
- Springfield Indians vs. Hershey Bears, Springfield, Mass.

Horse Racing

- The Garden Stakes, \$339,965, 1 1/16 m., 2-yr.-olds, Garden State Pl., Camden, N.J., 4 p.m. (CBS).
- World's richest race
- Tenness Handicap, \$35,000, 1 1/8 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Tantor, San Bruno, Calif.
- French Handicap, \$30,000, 1 1/8 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Jamaica, N.Y.
- Laurel Sprint Handicap, \$15,000, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds up, Laurel, Md.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 31

Auto Racing

- NASCAR Natl. Modified championship, Charlotte, N.C.

Baseball

- Fort Wayne Pistons vs. Boston Celtics, Fort Wayne, Ind.
- Philadelphia Warriors vs. Baltimore Bullets, New Haven, Conn.
- Syracuse Nationals vs. Minneapolis Lakers, Syracuse, N.Y.

Football

- Chicago Cardinals vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, Chicago, 2 p.m. (ABC—local blackout: Du Mont).
- Cleveland Browns vs. N.Y. Giants, Cleveland, 2 p.m. (Du Mont).
- Los Angeles Rams vs. Detroit Lions, Los Angeles, 5 p.m. (Du Mont).
- San Francisco 49ers vs. Chicago Bears, San Francisco
- Washington Redskins vs. Baltimore Colts, Washington, D.C. 2:30 p.m. (Du Mont).

Hockey

- Natl. Hockey League
- N.Y. Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, New York.

*See local TV listing

- American Hockey League
- Buffalo Bisons vs. Springfield Indians, Buffalo, N.Y.
- Providence Reds vs. Hershey Bears, Providence, R.I.

Hurling

- New York vs. County Cork All-Ireland champions, Polo Grounds, N.Y.

Swimming

- Fourth Annual Skipper Invitation Race, Chesapeake Bay, Annapolis, Md.

Track and Field

- Natl. AAU 25-kilo walk, Buffalo, N.Y.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 1

Boxing

- Frankie Ryell vs. Henry Davis, lightweights, Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC).
- Moses Ward vs. Bobby Jones, middleweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (Du Mont).

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 2

Baseball

- Milwaukee Hawks vs. N.Y. Knicks, Milwaukee.

Dogs

- American Field Quail Futurity, Carbondale, Ill.

Horses

- Natl. Horse Show opens, Mid Sq. Garden, N.Y.

Horse Racing

- Melbourne Cup, \$30,000 2 m., all ages, Flemington track, Melbourne, Australia's biggest turf race
- Fruitee Stakes, \$30,000, 1 1/16 m., 2-yr.-old fillies, Jamaica, N.Y.
- Quaker City Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/8 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Garden State Pl., Camden, N.J.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3

Baseball

- Baltimore Bullets vs. Minneapolis Lakers, Baltimore

Boxing

- Bobo Olson vs. Gorth Painter, middleweights (non-title), Memorial Auditorium, Richmond, Calif. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (CBS)

Dogs

- Open All-Ages Stake, Carbondale, Ill.

Hockey

- Natl. Hockey League
- Toronto Maple Leafs vs. Detroit Red Wings, Toronto.
- American Hockey League
- Buffalo Bisons vs. Springfield Indians, Buffalo, N.Y.
- Cleveland Barons vs. Hershey Bears, Cleveland

Horse Racing

- Washington, D.C. Int'l., \$65,000, 1 1/5 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Laurel, Md.
- Queen Elizabeth's Landau among entries

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4

Golf

- PGA Southeastern Open, Savannah, Ga.

Hockey

- Natl. Hockey League
- Boston Bruins vs. Detroit Red Wings, Boston
- Chicago Black Hawks vs. N.Y. Rangers, Chicago
- American Hockey League
- Hershey Bears vs. Cleveland Barons, Hershey, Pa.

Horse Racing

- Pimlico Breeders' Stakes, \$7,500, 6 f., 2-yr.-olds, Pimlico, Baltimore

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FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

KEY TO SYMBOLS

BO=season opened (or opened); SC=season closed (or closed); SV=season varies by district or water.
C=clear water; D=water dirty or roily; M=water muddy.
N=water at normal height; EH=slightly high; H=high; VH=very high; L=low; R=rising; F=falling.
WTSO=water temperature 50°.
FG=fishing good; FF=fishing fair; FP=fishing poor; OG=outlook good; OP=outlook poor.



A digest of last-minute reports from fishermen and other unreliable sources

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

MUSKELLUNGE: NEW YORK: Our St. Lawrence spy says brooktrout and black dunks are abundant and musky fishermen trolling within gunshot of river blinds risk skimpful of 6s as late gunners complain boats keep ducks from decoying.

MUSKIE: Lake St. Clair muskies willing to hit fast-trotting spoon but not able as anglers turn to baiting; one 25-pounder reported last week.

WISCONSIN: After dip to low twenties last week weather is fair and OF through next week in northern Wisconsin waters (but he-men who braved cold spell said fishing was best of year despite discomfort); very slow action in Eagle River and Rhineland areas, but scattered fish taking imitation-sucker plugs, mostly at dusk.

MACKEREL: FLORIDA: Miami bridge fishermen are getting good action in Bear Cut and other Bickenbarker Causeway spots. Palm Beach pier getting big play as 2- to 4-pounders smack jig-and-strip lures, with an occasional small fish joining the fun.

WALLEY PIRATE: PENNSYLVANIA: Fresh Creek at Cambridge Springs BH, F, C, OG as night fishermen score with minnows.

MINNESOTA: FG at Pelican Lake near Brainerd, also at Leech Lake (south and southeast shores) and Lake Winnabigishish (all over). Lower shores of Lake of the Woods producing fine walleyes in 4- to 6-pound class, and OG.

ONTARIO: F. J. Tram of Toronto hosted 11-pound 5-ounce walleye from Madawaska River near Bancroft last week; Sturgeon Falls area of Lake Nipissing reports FG with minnows most productive.

BLACK BASS: MISSOURI: Upper Gasconade River producing fastest fishing in years following rains, and OG next week—also in Current River (but nights are too cool for long boat trips).

MINNESOTA: Alexandria area lakes Milota, Chippewa, Ida, Carlos and Mary caught fire last week and should still be smoking by the time you get there (or try Osakis Lake just east of Alexandria).

TENNESSEE: Sudden cold spell killed Center Hill shad-minnow, reducing top-water action; OP as most state waters.

OREGON: Willamette River R, D, FP, OP unless no more rain.

PENNSYLVANIA: OG throughout most bass waters of state as Hazel-high streams return to normal but with algae and even fallen leaves washed away and fish in fine feline.

SMOK: FLORIDA: OG in Shark River and Ten

Thousand Islands areas, with most fish in 3-pound class but some to 12.

TROUT: COLORADO: Gunnison River (Gunnison area) L, C, FF with eggs and worms, dry flies at midday, OP if weather holds; Tonichi, East and Cebolla streams, VI, FG with flies, FF with bait; Granby Reservoir (Granby area) good for trolling, OG unless weather worsens; South Platte River (Shawnee area) L, C, FF, OP.

IDaho: Salmon River and tribe slacking off but Snake still good as Ashton area for flies and bait; late afternoon fishing is best. Lost River watershed still producing but high-country lakes on last legs.

CALIFORNIA: Try Toiyas Lake (part in Calif., part in Nev.) for mixed bag of big rainbow and Canada goose (a big flock was there last Sunday); trout 80° Oct. 31 and best bets for last weekend are Upper Owens, Hot Creek, Upper Truckee—in northern area, Feather and American rivers, Donner and Webster lakes.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Some fine creeks reported from Campbell, Mohun, Shawanigan and other Vancouver Island lakes; most rivers H but Fy FF most inland and mainland streams but excellent on Fraser River bars.

BLUEFISH: MASSACHUSETTS: Blues thinning out around Cape Cod and Martha's Vineyard as schools move south.

FLORIDA: After periodic rampages of Miami Beach, blues are invading Biscayne Bay; best spots are in southern part. Most east coast areas report in-and-out action with occasional red-hot flurries as choppers chase bait onto beaches.

STRIPED BASS: OREGON: Coos Bay agent reports FG in isthmus slough, best bait pig-chard; shore casters taking fish but boats doing better despite rough water; OG for bait-fishing but fly-casters calling it quits.

RHODE ISLAND: In three hours three men in boat off Charlestown beachway between Westerly and Kingston boated bass weighing 58, 54, 52, 45, 45, 40 and 36 pounds last week. (You should have been here.)

CALIFORNIA: Winds slowed fishing last week as migration into delta nears peak, with most fish in 16-pound class (but Bethel Harbor reports lunkers to 39 pounds). OG for easy limits until mid-November cold weather, with truffles picking up a few bonus chinooks.

BONEFISH: FLORIDA: Clearing weather should bring bonefish and bone fishermen back to Keys flats; OF for fly-fingers and spinfishers.

TRAPPING IS STILL WHAT IT USED TO BE

More so, in fact—Daniel Boone might be surprised to know how much his ancient skill is worth in speedy cash nowadays

by DUANE DECKER

A VERY ODD FACT about the cold-weather sport of trapping the muskrat and other furry animals is that since the days of Daniel Boone, the original Babe Ruth of the business, it has remained almost unchanged. The sport of trapping has, in fact, scarcely changed for at least a thousand years—with one single exception. Somebody, and nobody knows exactly who it was, came up with the steel trap. Otherwise the trapping world has stood still—except, of course, that things like seasons and licenses have been invented and must be observed.

The reason is that good trapping is mostly a matter of outthinking the animals born with fur coats, none of whom have ever been caught carrying Phi Beta Kappa keys. It's a very cheap, very easy business to enter. It costs a young trapper anywhere from 35¢ to a couple of bucks for a trap, that's all. The muskrat is the bread-and-butter prize. The mink is pretty special.

Beginners at trapping frequently pick up \$50 to \$100 in a matter of a few weeks preceding Christmas, if they're lucky enough to live near marshlands where dining on grass is the big attraction to the trapper's quarry. The tough part is that you have to get up early in the morning. Also you should check the traps again right after school lets out.

SEVEN MILLION MUSKRAT

If you decide to go in for muskrat trapping, you won't get paid much more than two dollars per, even in a year when the market price is healthy. But this year, somewhere upward of seven million muskrat will be de-furred if things go along as usual. Anyone who wants to will be able to collect some of the vast loot paid for them and other small animals born with natural fur coats.

The first thing to do is find a marsh or a stream—places where the muskrat ramble. You can easily check to find out where muskrat have burrowed—den holes in the bank, partially under

water, tell the story. Check farther and see which holes have been burrowed into lately. In this case, "lately" is a very important word.

Now you set your trap on the inside of the hole. Make sure it's placed solidly and is below the water level. Also make sure there's enough room for the muskrat to paddle his way right into it.

Then stake the chain, attached to the trap, as far away as you can. When the muskrat makes his final mistake, he'll drown very quickly.

Going after mink is a different matter. There's a young mastermind of the mink in the Catskill Mountains of New York State named Asa William Sprague. Probably because his family has a 100-acre farm he picked up a lot of firsthand information about the mink. He learned quite soon in his trapping career that the mink is a sucker on the subject of curiosity. The mink has to explore everything and find out what's going on.

For this reason Asa builds a sort of



THE MUSKRAT: HARD TO SPOT BUT EASY TO CATCH

tunnel of rocks in a stream. (He uses gloves when building it to leave no sign of human scent.) A day comes soon when the neasy mink has to find out what's going on in there. He goes through the tunnel, discovers nothing at all except that the place seems to be safe enough. Then, a few days later, when the mink is used to it as a place to stop in for kicks, Asa sets a trap in this "cubby," as it's called by trappers. Next day he picks up his mink.

A SHORT FERRY RIDE

It isn't just the country folk who earn Christmas money at trapping. Staten Island, a short ferry ride from Manhattan, has fine trapping marshes. A guy named Bill Schultheis Jr. is now at St. Peter's College in Jersey City with the help of some of the money he made for years trapping mostly muskrat almost within sight of the Statue of Liberty.

The muskrat is far ahead in popularity in the commercial markets, according to the American Fur Merchants Association of New York. After him comes the raccoon, then opossum and in the clean-up slot of the batting order is the mink. Skunk and fox follow, but not too closely.

Anyone who wants to go into trapping, starting from scratch, will do himself no harm reading a book called simply, "Trapping." It was written by Harold McCracken and Harry Van Cleave, two genuine experts (publisher: A. S. Barnes & Co.).

Not that you can't go right out, set traps (always making sure about regulations) and get something. The chances are you can—but not very often. Animals can be much smarter than you think. And people, sometimes, dumber.

OUT OF CHARACTER



JUMPING JACK

He hurtled into headlines as a 25-foot broad jumper at U.C.L.A. But his greatest distinction came when he broke the color line in big-league baseball. Still helping the Brooklyn Dodgers with potent bat and skilled glove is:

Jackie Robinson

her private office, equipped with bar, shower, chaise longue and a blaze of silver cups and blue ribbons, brooding over bloodlines and naming horses, a form of occupational therapy she finds very relaxing.

Down the road apiece is her covered show ring, the only privately owned one in the country, plus an arena, grandstand and nine barns with superb facilities for housing the 500 exhibitors who turn up annually for her June horse show. The proceeds from the show, whose fame extends well beyond the borders of Texas, go to the Texas Children's Foundation, which has used them to erect a handsome 300-bed hospital which Jo shows all visitors. After last year's show she gave a party for 1,500 at Houston's Shamrock Hotel, and the guest list included Hedy Lamarr, Jack Benny and a small boy who had written her declaring his undying affection after seeing her perform at Madison Square Garden.

Mr. Abercrombie shares his daughter's reigning passion for horses, but Mrs. Abercrombie can take or—preferably—leave them alone. At horse shows she spends most of her time pacing up and down the corridors until her husband sends word that her daughter has once again successfully avoided breaking her patrician neck.

"THE MOST FANTASTIC DIGN"

Although Jo seldom mentions horses to nonfictionados, she is apt to use them constantly as a frame of reference. The other day a friend inquired how a shopping expedition had turned out. "Marvelous," she said happily. "I found the most fantastic Dior—a perfect match for Parading Lady!" (Parading Lady, one of her champion harness mares, is a brilliant chestnut with

three white legs and a flaxen mane and tail. Everything clear now?)

Another time, in an effort to recall a couple to a mutual friend, she said, "You know, they're from Cleveland and they own that marvelous three-gaited gelding," and she was recently overheard describing a new painting to a dinner partner: "It's an oil of a stallion called Ferry. I'll think of the artist's name in a minute."

Her enthusiasm for the animal kingdom has ranged, at one time or another, from guinea pigs through wild boars, but at the moment she is down to 18 saddle horses and two Weimaraners with gentian-blue eyes, the only sign of narcissism she displays. She brought them back from Germany, and they both sleep in her 8 x 8, or Texas-sized, bed. "The dogs love it," she said defensively. "Weimaraners can be pretty vicious if they don't feel secure."

She makes it a policy never to mention horses on dates, but eventually hopes to settle on a permanent young man who can tell a forelock from a fetlock. She has been married twice (the first was a home-town Houston boy and the second was a South American; of this period, however, one can find out about as much from Parading Lady as from Miss Abercrombie).

"Someday I want to meet a man who likes me, horses, farming and travel in that order," she said on the way back to town in a convertible Cadillac which she had carefully explained she had borrowed from a friend. "Sort of a town-and-country type. Guess that doesn't make me very different from anyone else, does it?"

This consuming passion to be like everyone else occasionally takes exaggerated forms. Jo is always out of eig-

arettes and/or money, a combination of lacks seldom experienced by the medium-income group. When a friend met her at the airport last week, Jo greeted her in obvious relief. "I don't know what I would have done if you weren't here," she said gratefully. "I'm fresh out of cigarettes and I don't have a dime to call you."

Because she hates to be conspicuous—a lost cause—she tips very modestly, but has been known to scour the town for a pot of out-of-season violets upon hearing a maid mention they were her favorite flower. She is such a helpful house guest that weekend hostesses with servant problems compete for her trade. On a recent Connecticut Sunday she broke an inexpensive milk-glass mug in the act of preparing her own breakfast, spent the following Monday ferreting around town for its facsimile. (She finally found it at 4:35 p.m. down on New York's Orchard Street.)

She loves hargains and constantly urges her friends to visit marvelous hamentashe shops she is always discovering. Upon being complimented on a gown she wore to a recent cocktail party under a four-foot sable stole, she beamed. "It was \$39.95 in the most fantastic little shop," she said happily. "I'll take you there tomorrow. They have lots more."

WHITE GLOVES AND CHOCOLATE

She hates stuffed shirts, fish and hats, in that order, although she recently commissioned Mr. John to design her "a hat that wouldn't scare a horse," was so well satisfied that she bought six exactly alike. She likes white gloves, chocolate in any form and hamburgers. "I love your apartment," she said recently to Betty Betz, a friend with whom she often stays in New York. "It's so convenient to Harry Winston (a local diamond merchant) and Hamburg Heaven."

Miss Abercrombie's major ambition at the moment is to get into the winner's circle at Belmont at the same time one of her horses does.

"When Roman Patrol won recently," she said, heading onto the Triborough bridge, "I was so excited I couldn't find my way down to the winner's circle, and by the time I got there they were announcing the next race. But I'll make it yet," she said firmly, expertly sidestepping a truck, whose driver hooked at her appreciatively. She grinned suddenly, like a small child. "Maybe that's what Mother means: girls who burn their candles at both ends have trouble locating the winner's circle."



BOWLING

NOT DEAD YET

Far from being seriously ill, Mort Lindsey is heading for new records



MORT LINDSEY

by VICTOR KALMAN

STAMFORD, CONN.

IN mid-September the word spread from alley to alley wherever the major leaguers rolled: Mort Lindsey was gravely ill. His spectacular bowling career, spanning more than half a century, seemed about to end. But two weeks later Mort was back at the lanes practicing for his 44th appearance in the annual American Bowling Congress championships. He hopes to set another record this year at Fort Wayne.

"I guess the report about my illness was my fault," Lindsey said a few days ago, as he piled three heavy morocco-bound scrapbooks on his table at the Roger Smith Hotel here. "I went to the hospital for a checkup and in between playing gin rummy with my nurse I telephoned some old friends. The harder I tried to convince them I was O.K., the more certain they became that I had one foot in the grave."

The old-timers should have known better. They should have remembered his 20-game match against Jimmy Smith, then U.S. champion, in 1922 at Dwyer's lanes in New York. Going into the final game Lindsey was 88 pins behind. Everyone considered the contest over. But Mort came through with 299 to win by 11 pins.

Then there was his sensational duel in 1929 with the late Billy Knox, first man to roll 300 in the A.B.C. More than \$5,000 was wagered on the 60-game, home-and-home event. In the last frame of the 60th game at Knox's alleys in Philadelphia, Lindsey needed three strikes for victory. He got them with three pocket hits.

A GREAT MONEY BOWLER

In country-wide tours, taking on most of the nation's best at their home lanes, Lindsey became known as one of the greatest money bowlers of all time. As late as 1952, shortly after his 64th birthday, he came from behind to win \$1,500 in the *Bowlers Journal* Sweepstakes.

Such a man, the old-timers should have realized, would not quit as long as he had a chance to attain his supreme ambition: the highest lifetime pin to-

tal in A.B.C. history. He is currently in fifth place, although his 194 average for 43 tournaments is by far the best among the four-decade men. In first place is Harry Steers, 74, of Elmhurst, Ill., who has bowled in 49 A.B.C.'s.

To beat Steers's total of 82,672 pins (188 average) Lindsey, who has rolled up 71,135 pins, would have to compete at least six more years. He will be 66 in December, but this night at the Roger Smith, his large, oval face beaming as he relived some of the great moments of the past, he felt confident that "the odds against me aren't too big." He had rolled 213-370 in his league the night before in Chester, N.Y.

"THE LINDSEY STORY"

"It's all here," Mort said, indicating time-yellowed clippings, score sheets and other memorabilia in the scrapbooks he has maintained since 1900, "the entire story of my life."

Well, some of "the Lindsey story" was there. How, in 1911, he and George Kelsey rolled a 12-hour marathon in bathing suits in New Haven. Mort spotted Kelsey 550 pins and won by five. . . . How in 1912 he captured the National Bowling Association all-

events with a world record 2,031 that stood for many years . . . led Brunswick to the A.B.C. team title . . . repeated in 1914 with the New Haven quintet . . . won the A.B.C. all-events in 1919 . . . and so on through election to the Hall of Fame in 1941.

But there is more to the story than the scrapbooks tell. There was, for instance, Joe Porto, Lindsey's teammate and friend for 25 years. When Porto died in 1942, Mort sent a floral wreath in the shape of an alley, with a ball heading for the strike pocket.

There was Esther Dugan Lindsey, who married Mort in 1915. Perhaps she did not match her husband's enthusiasm for the sport, but she proved a great asset to his career in the bowling establishment he operated in Stamford for 19 years. When she died here of a heart attack on March 23, 1947, Lindsey was competing in the U.S. team championships in Detroit.

And there was wealthy Mrs. Minnie Lindsey of New York, Mort's mother, who tried desperately to keep him away from the alleys when he was a boy. When he won the 86th Street Y.M.C.A. title at the age of 14, she consoled herself with the thought that some day he would be a great doctor, lawyer or financier.

In 1951, while rolling in the A.B.C. in St. Paul, Lindsey was handed a package containing a pair of tiny, gilded, five-buttoned shoes. A tag on one of them conveyed the message: "I am sending you these shoes for the A.B.C. tournament because they are the first shoes you struck out in." Minnie Lindsey had finally resigned herself to the fact that bowling was her son's life.

ANNIVERSARY



WHEN BOOTH GOT ALL THE BOOLAS

Little Albie Booth led Yale to a spectacular upset of Army 25 years ago this week. With Army ahead 13-0 in the second quarter, the 140-pound whirligig entered the game. He dodged here, scampered there

and sped down the field for three touchdowns. He kicked the extra points too (above right). By the third quarter Army was routed and Albie had become a Yale immortal. Final score: Yale 21, Army 13.



SECOND MEETING between the 1908 Olympic marathon runners, Johnny Hayes (above, right) and the moustached Italian, Dorando, was a professional race, held in Madison Square Garden, N.Y. Here, Tammany leader Richard Croker stands between the runners, about to start the race.



\$10,000 MARATHON DERBY, held at the Polo Grounds, N.Y. April 3, 1909, lured world's top marathoners. Above, at the start: Shrubb, of England (left), Dorando, Henri St. Yves of France, the winner of the \$5,000 first prize, and the Americans Longboat, Hayes, Maloney.



YESTERDAY

MARATHON CRAZE

Marathoners Hayes and Dorando of the 1908 Olympics turned pro, ran a series of races and started a fad



DRAMATIC FINISH in the 1908 London Olympic Games caused an uproar when the Italian Dorando collapsed as he entered the stadium, was picked up and half carried across the finish line (above) by unthinking officials.

THE most spectacular scene in Olympic Games history took place in London, 1908, when the Italian, Dorando, leading the marathon with a lap of the stadium track to go, collapsed before 70,000 astonished people. For nearly three hours the runners had struggled over the 26-mile, 385-yard course from Windsor Castle to the stadium. Thousands of spectators lining the entire course since dawn had seen the field dwindle from 75 to 27 and the lead change hands several times, finally to be gained by Dorando, almost within sight of the stadium.

It was Dorando who first came into view. A half minute behind trotted Johnny Hayes, 20-year-old American, who was not yet in sight as the Italian,

to the horror of the crowd, staggered in the wrong direction, then fell on his face. Frantic officials rushed to him, put him on his feet and dragged him, half unconscious, across the finish line. Hayes breezed home, the official winner because of Dorando's automatic disqualification. Later the Italian was consoled by receiving a special gold trophy, awarded by Queen Alexandra.

This did not settle the question, however, that track fans wanted answered: Who was the better man? The runners were persuaded to turn pro and run for a share of the gate in New York's Madison Square Garden where, on Nov. 25, 1908, they met over the marathon distance before a packed house of Italian and Irish-American

partisans. Hayes dogged the little Italian all the way, was never more than a few steps behind but could not pass him, losing by a scant 60 yards.

Hayes supporters, still unconvinced, insisted on another chance. The third meeting was staged in the Garden (March 15, 1909) and Dorando lapped the weary Hayes five times.

The Hayes-Dorando rivalry started a marathon craze in America which reached its peak on April 3, 1909, when a picked field of the world's foremost distance men met at the Polo Grounds, N.Y., in the \$10,000 Marathon Derby. In this race, viewed by 30,000 people, Dorando finished second but again showed his heels to Johnny Hayes who was, as usual, right behind him.

DIRTY FOOTBALL

Sir:

Otto Graham's article in SI, Oct. 11 should be read by everyone connected with the game of football. My opinion of Mr. Graham as a football player has always been the highest. I am happy to say that my opinion of him as a man now matches that of him as a player of a great sport. . . .

Just the other night I witnessed exactly the kind of dirty football of which he spoke. It was in a game between the Pittsburgh Steelers and Washington Redskins, and I was very disappointed to see the act committed by an ex-All-American player. I hope he reads your excellent article.

Congratulations on printing an article of such outstanding value to so many.

ROBERT G. LAHMER

Pittsburgh

REFORM FROM WITHIN

Sir:

I hope your *Football Is Getting Too Violent* article by Otto Graham is widely read. It is always good to see the impetus for reform coming from within. Football played according to the rules is as much or more fun to play than any other game. When a player is in danger of being permanently maimed by some hot-headed wild-swinging opponent, he is more likely to turn to other sports. If the present viciousness continues, all skills except elbow, fist and knee swinging will disappear from the game. If that's what is wanted, we might as well have a return of the Roman gladiators. Coaches with integrity, backed by their superiors, can do more to alleviate this viciousness than anyone. Witness Graham's story of Buck Shaw and the 49ers refraining from obvious opportunities to put Graham out of the game.

DUANE M. PETERSON

Miami

EXPERT OPINION

Sir:

Otto Graham's article has done the football world a service. It has brought to the attention of all concerned an unhealthy situation which definitely exists.

Fans and participants have lined up on either side of the question Otto advances. Those opposed to his article suggest that he has taken an opportunity to air personal grievances. Knowing Otto Graham personally, aside from the fact that we have played with and against each other on many occasions, I feel that he has the true interests of football at heart in his article. He has been playing championship football long enough to know the difference between clean, hard playing and that type of unnecessary contact which he described.

Thought-provoking articles such as Otto's are a big step toward remedying the evils which are still in sports. It is mostly a mental problem. All players are physically capable of intentionally committing unnecessary fouls which maim others, but fortunately not all have it in their minds and hearts to do so.

Otto Graham wouldn't have football any other way than rough and tough. He

has given and taken much of the same.

As a player, I appreciate his remarks.

KYLE ROTE

New York

● Kyle Rote, a former Southern Methodist All-American, now plays halfback for New York's Professional Football Giants.—ED.

REFRESH YOUR MEMORY

Sir:

In one of the strange coincidences of sport, about the time you ran a picture of Pop Warner and Jim Thorpe with Marathoner Louis Tewanima in SI, Sept. 27, a search was going on in Arizona for that same Tewanima because of the Olympic Games dinner in New York October 12th.

A Phoenix radio announcer, Bill Close, finally located Tewanima in the Hopi village of Shungopovi, some 300 air miles northwest of here. Tewanima, who had been second in the Olympic 10,000 meters in both 1908 and 1912, had left Carlisle and civilization and had lived as a quiet sheepherder in his native reservation the past 40 years.

When the request came to get him to New York, we were also trying to find Simon Gillis, an Olympic hammer thrower from the same team of 1908 and 1912. . . .

Consequently, when the resurrected Redman came through Phoenix this weekend on his way to New York, we got Gillis, who lives in Phoenix, and Tewanima together. This picture (which shows them chucking over SI's picture which I had used to refresh Gillis' memory on the way to the rendezvous) was the result. . . .

BEN FOOTE

Sports Department
The Phoenix Gazette

Phoenix, Ariz.



SI READERS GILLIS AND TEWANIMA

SI'S UNLIMITED FACILITIES

Sir:

In SI's Oct. 11 article, *The Hosts Have Their Day*, Mr. Robert N. Beaver Jr. says that the Class A Scow's smaller sister, an E Scow, won the elapsed-time prize in the "One-of-a-Kind" Series, but he neglects to give the name of the E Scow, where she came from, or who sailed her. I have an unsuppressible feeling that I might know the skipper and the boat, as I have sailed in these boats on Barnegat Bay, New Jersey and participated in one of the class's na-

tional regattas. If SI has any facilities for answering letters such as this, I would appreciate knowing the name of the skipper, the name of the boat, where it comes from, and, if possible, the complete standings of all the boats which participated.

EDGAR P. E. WHITE

Prospect, Ky.

● The E Scow, White Heat, built by the Melges Boat Works of Zenda, Wis., was skippered by owner Harry Melges. Herewith the complete results:

CLASS	SKIPPER	"BOAT FOR BOAT"	"CORRECTED TIME"
5-0-5	Eric Olsen	4*	1**
Thistle	H. Boston	7	2
Janeer, 14	J. Carter	11	3
Highlander	W. S. Cox	5	3
E Scow	Harry Melges	1	5
Jolly	G. O'Day	10	6
Rebel 22	J. Blodworth	9	7
A Scow	W. Grunow	6	8
Raven	D. Matthews	3	9
S Class	W. Wilcox	2	10
219	H. McMichael	8	11
Lightning	R. Crane	13	11
110	C. Shields Jr.	14	11
Y-Flyer	Harry Jones	17	14
C Scow	C. Lind	12	15
Fly, Dutchman	J. Van Voast	18	16
Burncraze	M. Bludworth	19	17
Snipe	T. Whitemore	24	18
Windmill	D. Cochran	20	19
Q.A., 17	J. Mulford	16	20
Catamaran 20	E. Mullen	21	21
Dominion	S. F. Dakin	22	22
Indian	I. King	23	23
Catamaran 38	R. Colgate	15	24
Fireball	S. Corkery	25	25
K Class	B. Hutchinson	26	26
M-16	C. Green	27	27

—ED.

ANCHORS AWIGH

Sir:

I am thoroughly enjoying my SI each week, from cover to cover. I congratulate you on your excellent and unique publication.

I liked *The Bonds Play On* in SI, Oct. 11, but why did the author omit that famous Navy "Anchors Awigh"? I am talking the liberty of telling you a little about this classic.

It was composed in 1906 by Prof. Charles A. Zimmerman, musical director, U.S. Naval Academy, bandleader of the Naval Academy band, and was dedicated to the class of 1907 (my class). The words were written by Captain A. H. Miles, U.S.N. (Ret.), who was then a midshipman in my class. . . .

It was customary in my day at Annapolis for Prof. Zimmerman to compose a march for each class, which made its debut at the June Ball—only the members of the class were permitted to dance when it was first played. Most of these class marches "died on the vine." But "Anchors Awigh" was outstanding—we turned it into a long-needed football song, took it to Philadelphia for the Army-Navy game, and to its inspiring tune we beat the Army for the first time in four years.

Then came the famous world cruise of the Great White Fleet, conceived by President Theodore Roosevelt, who had built our Navy up. We took "Anchors Aweigh" around the world with us on this history-making cruise—it was the favorite marching music wherever the men of the fleet paraded—Rio de Janeiro, San Francisco, Honolulu, Auckland, Sydney and Melbourne. By the time we had circled the globe, "Anchors Aweigh" had become a world-wide favorite. We marched to it in the inaugural parade of President William H. Taft upon our return in 1909, and it has been one of the theme pieces in all naval parades since.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt once told me that "Anchors Aweigh" was his favorite marching song. . . .

CAPTAIN N. L. NICHOLS, USN (RET.)
Baltimore

I GASP IN WONDER

Sirs:

Associate Editor Martin Kane is ill informed: in SI's October 11th article entitled *The Bonds Play On* . . . his reference to a song called Georgia Tech's tender "My Yellow Jacket Girl" makes me gasp in wonder. Where did he dig up this thing? I have never heard of it, though I spent five years (1949 to 1954, B.S. and M.S. in electrical engineering) at Georgia Tech. During this period I was a member of Georgia Tech's band, served as band captain and student conductor for two years, played with the band at all home games, various away games, and three New Year's Day games (1952, 1953, 1954) and still never have heard of a song called "My Yellow Jacket Girl."

Inaccurate articles like this one make me wonder how many of the other articles in the various issues of SI are intelligently written on a factual basis. . . .

EARL L. LAUBER

Morristown, N.J.

My Yellow Jacket Girl
Georgia Institute of Technology

SEE "INTERCOLLEGIATE SONGBOOK"

● SI is surprised that Lauber took his band duties so lightly as to overlook the words, by Daisy Chotas '30, and music, by brother Nick '32, of this home-grown song (see left). Nick Chotas, now an instructor at the University of Florida's School of Architecture, wrote the song for a football rally and it became a popular number for games and dances. It has, regrettably, not been heard recently. Composer Chotas enjoyed it last in 1936 when played by Ted Woems' band in Washington. Chotas, who someday hopes to write the great American light opera, says: "It was a nice, pretty song, but I never got anything out of it."—ED.

WORDS AND MUSIC

Sirs:

While reading SI, Oct. 11, we noticed in the article *The Bonds Play On* a song for Georgia Tech, "My Yellow Jacket Girl." The five of us have been here a total of sixteen years and by some quirk of fate, we have missed this tune. Would you be so kind as to send us the words and music if possible so that we may start this hallel again on our campus?

JIMMY POWERS '55
JULIAN WHITE '54
BOBBY BARR '53
LYNWOOD JOHNSON '55
HIRAN MILLER '55

Atlanta

● "My Yellow Jacket Girl" is on its way to Atlanta with SI's best wishes for an early revival.—ED.

I LIKE IT

Sirs:

My experience over the years has been that when I subscribe to a new magazine, intrigued by the advance publicity and promise, a feeling of disappointment follows. Such decidedly was not my experience with SI! I have enjoyed each issue thoroughly and think that you have reached just the proper balance of factual reporting, well-chosen pictures, amusing fiction, and accurate and complete sports results.

I intend to save my complete file and over the years it will be invaluable statistically. May I suggest that for the benefit of people like myself, you make available (for a moderate charge) a rather detailed index of the year's contents.

I am glad you have brought Paul Gallico back to the sports field. Those of us engaged in sports promotion have missed him.

Jimmy Jemall's *HOTBOX* is a most interesting feature, and I see great possibilities of bringing out both sides of controversial questions in sports through this interesting type of presentation.

Herman Hiekman and Roger Kahn's contributions are excellent and timely, but it really isn't fair to single out specific contributors because the whole magazine is excellent.

To sum up, as you have probably gathered from what I have said, I like your magazine!

JOHN REED KILPATRICK
President
Madison Square Garden Corp.
New York

● For a reader's reflection on General Kilpatrick's sporting career see 19TH HOLE, Oct. 25.—ED.

GOOD WILL

Sirs:

Now that I have had the pleasure of reading from cover to cover six issues of your magazine, I can no longer put off sending my congratulations.

Since I am especially interested in the ways that sports can promote understanding and good will between men and women of different nations, I am most impressed by the international flavor of SI.

JOHN JAY HOPKINS
Chairman and President
General Dynamics Corp.
New York

PAPA'S WINESKIN

Sirs:

Your picture story of outdoorsman Ernest Hemingway (SI, Oct. 4) has done much to remind us of "Papa's" many hunting and fishing expeditions at Sun Valley. Not only was SI's fishing picture taken here but also the pleasant and duck hunting scenes.

Hemingway's favorite drinking equipment during his visits was not a bottle as shown, but a Spanish wine-skin from which his companions usually got more down their fronts than down their throats.

The enclosed photo shows Hemingway and the other man in SI's canoe picture, Taylor Williams, on an antelope hunt here in 1940. Williams, Sun Valley guide and long-time hunting and fishing companion of Hemingway's, by the way, is owner of the first edition of "For Whom the Bell Tolls"; the bound gallery proofs of the book with the author's marginal corrections.

WINSTON MCCHIE

Sun Valley, Id.



PAPA AND PROOFREADER

A PRO LOOKS AT SI

Sirs:

I was in dry dock with an eye operation when your No. 1 came out. In fact, it wasn't until about No. 5 that I was permitted to do any reading at all. I have faithfully read all of them except No. 2, which my wife forgot to buy, and in fact, have just finished the current issue.

This publication is a revelation to me of what a smart, able, professional crew can do. All the physical and technical aspects are approximately perfect, and until a man tries to do it himself he has no idea of what achieving that perfection involves, even with trained men and women and adequate capital. In those aspects alone your publication is a real monument to those who produce it.

As to content, I must admit that I am dumbfounded at the amount of generally interesting feature material that can be worked up concerning sports about which I care nothing. I don't give a damn about football, baseball, boxing, racing (horses), tennis, golf or sailing boats. And yet I have read about two-thirds of each of your issues, not from any sense of duty or professional curiosity but simply because the stuff looked interesting and, upon investigation, was interesting.

Whether you can keep up such a pace is more than I can judge; but if you can, it looks to me as if you are "in" with a vengeance. I certainly hope so, for a high-class, accurate, intimate approach to sports is something that the publication field has lacked since the old *Sportsman* folded up,

and of course that did not even claim to cover the field at all fully.

I can imagine the hurly-burly of putting together a staff of "name" contributors, columnists and department heads and I think you have done a near-miracle. . . .

I can see that you are still feeling around for the things that have the widest appeal and of course that is the only way to start a new publication. Each small change seems to me to be an improvement; I can't see any false moves, for whatever my opinion is worth. I admit that I was astonished at the very favorable response to your first fiction piece. It was a hell of a good one, really a natural for your particular publication, and I myself was heartily in favor of the idea—I thought it adorned the book. But I was in great doubt as to how the public would receive a fiction piece in this book. The response confirms my impression that my judgment is no good.

It was good to see Ed Zern back in print. . . . I am glad to see how he has developed the FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR. I assume that the material is accurate; and on that assumption the feature is an invaluable practical service to fishermen. It amuses and surprises me to find that I read the whole damn thing in spite of the fact that I didn't even buy a fishing license this year and in any case have no chance of fishing for bass in Missouri, muskies in Wisconsin or tarpon in Florida. He puts in just enough airy touches to make the material readable as reading matter, not just valuable information. You really picked the right man that time.

In this current issue, everything else is put in the shade by your color photo of the Gordon flybox. I've been through the mill on this vexing question of accurate color reproduction on flies, and if anyone had told me that the plates which you have come to be made, I would have called him a liar. The internal evidence is that a number of people sweat blood to get them the way they are. Some of the hackles look a bit red but dammit, I think they were red; certainly no one could reproduce the tone of a ginger hackle more faithfully than several that you show. Shoot me if I'm wrong, but my impression is that it's a magnificent job. I've seen the originals—Cartwhe showed them to me several years ago—and as nearly as I can recall, you're right on the nose in these pictures.

Apparently you had some fishermen on the job in this story. There are a lot of little things about which it would have been easy to be wrong, and as nearly as I can tell they are all correct. The amount of digging done on this job is a compliment to the editorial policy and direction.

Your photography is out of this world. I know everyone else tells you the same thing so I won't labor the point. Don't see how it could be better. Marvelous.

Congratulations on having come so far so soon; it makes me feel good to see you local boys making good and I just hope that you can keep up this flood of feature pieces and angles. If you can, the world is yours.

ALFRED W. MILLER

New York

● SI's thanks to Mr. Miller, a great angler in the Gordon tradition and, under the name of Sparse Grey Heckle, a graceful and prolific commentator on all matters piscatorial.—ED.

EXIT A FAMILIAR NAME

Sirs:

Have no idea if you have heard of the death of William H. (Willie) Tucker Sr. here in Albuquerque, N.M., Oct. 6.

Briefly, the 83-year-old Englishman, who was born in London's outskirts in 1871 and moved to U.S. in 1893, is a familiar name to old-timers in golf and tennis world. He supervised construction of New York West Side Tennis Club courts in 1916, tutored Princeton's Palmer Stadium and built first "planned" golf course for St. Andrews in Yonkers. In all, he's built 121 courses or supervised design of such. Perhaps his greatest achievement was molding 7,250 yards of sagebrushed rough at University of New Mexico into site of ninth international Jaycee Golf Tourney here in 1951 for August tourney. . . .

J. D. KAHLER

Albuquerque, N.M.



WILLIE TUCKER

SHARED LONELINESS

Sirs:

Bill Mauldin's "So There I Was . . ." which appeared in SI, Oct. 11 is a real gem.

We, the members of room 219, enjoyed Bill's insight into the art of flying. For we too have experienced the same "terrestrial predicament" and the "incredible loneliness" expressed so vividly in his timely article.

HARRY B. GEDDISKI
DENNIS J. GAUDINIAN
ROBERT J. LILLY
Navarre, USNR

U.S. Naval Air Station
Pensacola, Fla.

COMMOTION AND STRUGGLE

Sirs:

Since your first issue, your magazine has caused a good deal of commotion in this house. There are five of us, aged 13 to 40 and it is always a struggle to see who gets it first.

Frankly, I didn't care too much for sports before, but practically all of your articles are so timely and well written that I have developed a taste for football, which used to be my pet hate. My husband couldn't, even drag me to a game before. My son, Steve, loved the story about diving for treasure (SI, Oct. 4) and wants to be a deep-sea diver when he finishes school. It certainly was fascinating.

The first thing I turn to, though, is SOUNDTRACK, which is always most interesting and good reading and the humorous little drawings that come with that section by the artist who signs his name "A.Jay." They are very clever and my older boy has taken to pasting them up in an SI scrapbook along with your color photographs.

Give us more of all these swell items and maybe sometime an article on old-time

fighters which my husband would like to see. We all think you have a fine magazine.

BETTY RAYMOND

Sacramento, Calif.

FOR ARKANSAS READ ARKANSAS

Sirs:

On page 39 of SI, Sept. 20, writer John O'Reilly mentions the "Arkansas" National Wildlife Refuge near Corpus Christi, Texas. On page 67 of SI, Oct. 4, under Coming Events, Fishing, you list the Annual Tarpon Rodeo, Port "Arkansas," Texas.

On the chance that someone besides the typesetter might be careless, I believe a check of the map will show it is "Arkansas" rather than "Arkansas."

You have a tremendous idea in your publication, something long needed in the field of sports reporting. My fervent hope is that you will not allow the whining criticism of the few hordes, spoon-fed on the stereotyped newspaper approach to sports reporting, to influence you into backing water with your project.

CHARLES L. CHAMBERS

Houston

● Thanks. Arkansas it will be from now on.—ED.

NESTALGIC PLEASURE

Sirs:

As another thirteen-year-old boy who stood in line on that gray, chilly morning of October 6, 1917 to witness the opening game of the White Sox-Giants series, I read your article in SI with the keenest of pleasure.

At that time I lived at 4163 Westworth Avenue, a fairly short walk from the ball park, and took my place in line directly across from the Seventh Regiment Armory. . . . The armory, incidentally, is still standing.

SI certainly catches the feel of that morning: the dampness, the long wait, the bantering among the men, and much speculation as to the opposing pitchers.

I am certain you feel as I do: that to those who saw the 1916-1920 White Sox in action, all baseball thereafter was an anticlimax.

Many thanks for some moments of nostalgic pleasure.

JOSEPH C. LUTZ

Forest Park, Ill.

DON'T MEASURE THEM

Sirs:

Just to keep the record straight, the smallest heavyweight boxing champion, as one of your readers says (19TH HOLE, Oct. 11), was not Tommy Burns. He was the shortest. But we don't measure boxers by height, but by weight.

On that basis, Burns was the third smallest. The smallest, i.e., lightest, heavyweight champion was Jim Mace, who antedated John L. Sullivan by about 20 years. He stood 5'9", weighed 152 lbs. Second smallest was Fitzsimmons who, according to Robert H. Davis who weighed him in, weighed 156 1/2 lbs. the day he whipped Corbett. He was 5'11 1/2" in height.

Burns, with a height of 5'7 1/2", was the shortest. But he was heavy for that height, and weighed 169 lbs.

CHARLES B. ROTH

Denver, Col.



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